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NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

WONDERLAND ROUTE

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NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

THE

WONDERLAND ROUTE

TO THE

PACIFIC COAST

RAND, MCNALLY & CO. PRINTERS, CHICAGO.

TO PORTLAND
Livingston
NORTHERN PACIFIC R.
TO ST. PAUL
M O N T A N A
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
YELLOWSTONE LAKE
GALLATIN RANGE
SPECIMEN RIDGE
EAST BOUNDARY OF THE PARK
DAHO
MONTANA
WYOMING
Sepulchre Mt. 9,770
Yellowstone Park Hotel
MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS
Mt. Evarts 7,600
Terrace Mt. 9,000
GARDINER FALLS
CASCADE
Quadrant Mt. 10,127
Sheepeater Cliffs
Bell's Pk. 10,331
Mt. Holmes 10,578
Thompsons Pk. 9,300
Mt. Stevens 9,633
Garnett Hill
Junction Butte
Baronettes Bridge
TOWER FALLS 82 FT.
Hot Spring
Bison Peak 9,036
10,459
Mt. Longfellow 9,518
Mt. Norris 10,019
Index Pk. 9,875
Pilot Knob 10,150
Soda Butte Sprs.
FOSSIL FORESTS
Camp No. 19&21
Gamekeepers Cabin
Amethust Mtn. 9,423
Bison Summit 9,000
Old Ruin
Mt. Washburn 10,340
Dunraven Pk. 8,867
Hibbards Pass L.7,550
Hot Sulphur L.7,525 Sprs.
NORRIS GEYSER BASIN
Plateau
TWIN FALLS
CASCADE 1300 FT.
CRYSTAL FALLS 84 FT.
LOWER FALLS 350 FT.
UPPER FALLS 162 FT.
Bridge
Ford
Violet Springs
HAYDEN VALLEY
Hot Sulphur Sprs.
Johnson Pk.
Monument Geyser L.7,320
Hot Sprs.
FIRST CANON FALLS 80 FT.
Mt. Schurz
Lookout Cliffs 1,000 ft.
FALLS 45 FT.
LOWER GEYSER L.7,150
Camp Reunion
MIDWAY GEYSER BASIN L.7,220
Excelsior Spr.
FAIRY FALLS 250 FT.
UPPER GEYSER L.7,320
Cabin
Keppler Cascade
Sulphur Sprs.
Norris Pass
Two Ocean Pond
PROPOSED ROAD
Bluff Pt.
West Bay or Thumb
Delusion L.
Riddle L.
Flat Mt. Finger
HEART LAKE GEYSER BASIN
Rock Pt
Natural Bridge
Storm Pt.
Steamboat Pt.
Pelicans Roost
Stevenson's I'd
Frank's I'd
Elev. 7,788
Sulphur Hills
Mud Springs and Geysers
Pelican Hill 9,500
Camp No. 16
Camp No. 17
Camp No. 18
Camp No. 1
Camp No. 2
Camp No. 3
Camp No. 4
Camp No. 5
Camp No. 6
Camp No. 7
Camp No. 8
Camp No. 13
Camp No. 14
Camp No. 15
Mt. Crittenden 10,190
Lake Butte
Mt. Hoyt 10,473
Grizzly Mt.
CASCADE
BRIMSTONE BASIN
Mt. Doane 10,713
Mt. Stevenson 10,420
Mt. Langford 10,779
Hoodoo Mts.
Saddle Mtn. 11,100
Jones Camp 26
Stinking Water R.
Sailor
Cummings Cr.
Roys Cr.
Masons Cr.
HOODOO CANON
Norris Camp No. 5
Mt. Holmes
Madison R.
North Fork of Madison
Gardiner R.
Indian Cr.
Gibbon R.
Firehole Cr.
Sentinel Cr.
Lit. Firehole Cr.
Firehole or Madison L.8,020
Shoshone Cr.
Shoshone Lake
L.7,776
Madison L.
Lewis
Yellowstone
Black Deer Cr.
Hellroaring Cr.
Tower Cr.
Deep Cr.
Broad Cr.
Sour Cr.
Soda Butte Cr.
Calfee Cr.
Miller Cr.
Cache Cr.
Jones Fork
Stinking Water
Soldier
Girleys Cr.
Giants Castle
Sylvan L.
Pine Cr.
Clear Cr.
Explorers Cr.
Meadow Cr.
Signal Hills
South Finger
South East Finger
Yellowstone Riv.
Ferry Trail
Indian Camp
Cliffs
Hot Sprs.
Hot Spr.
Mud Geyser
Ford
Camp No. 14
Camp No. 17
Camp No. 18
Camp No. 16
Camp No. 15
Camp No. 4
Camp No. 6
Camp No. 7
Camp No. 8
Scale of Miles.

EDWARD W. NOLAN

Northern Pacific Railroad.

The Wonderland Route

TO

THE PACIFIC COAST.

GEORGE DEW,
CANADIAN AGENT,
NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.
33 YORK ST., TORONTO, ONT.

1885.

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ST. PAUL.

Great Falls of the Yellowstone River (350 ft.), National Park.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THIS is a world of wonders! Rigid and inflexible as are the Laws of Nature, their products and manifestations are almost infinite in their number and variety. They are also so distributed over the face of the earth, that no land, no continent even, possesses, or, except under seemingly impossible conditions, ever can possess them all. We have, therefore, only to travel far enough from home to encounter what will fill us with wonder and astonishment. In all the grander and sterner aspects of Nature, as in those which are gentler, and, to our thinking, more beneficent, our own great continent is more or less rich; and the traveler who has journeyed eastward to climb the castled crags of Rhineland and survey the mighty peaks and wondrous glaciers of the Alps, who has wandered among the ruins of venerable abbeys and ghostly halls, listened to the majestic swell of music in the dim aisles of stately cathedrals, gazed upon the marvelous creations of Michael Angelo and Da Vinci, and stood within the shadow of the pyramids,—may well turn westward to view the greater wonders of his own land.

Beyond the Great Lakes, far from the hum of New England factories, far from the busy throng of Broadway, from the smoke and grime of iron cities, and the dull, prosaic life of many another Eastern town, lies a region which may justly be designated the Wonderland of the World. Hitherto it has been closed to all but the most adventurous spirits; but now, not only has it been made easy of access, but it may be visited as comfortably, yea, as luxuriously, as any of the older resorts of the pleasure seeker. It is through some portions of this hitherto *terra incognita* that the reader of the following pages will, in imagination, be conducted, in the hope that his interest in it will be so far excited that he may be led to visit it, and look with his own eyes upon its manifold and matchless wonders.

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THE WONDERLAND ROUTE

TO

The Pacific Coast.

"To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the land of the Dacotahs."

THE cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, four hundred and ten and four hundred and twenty miles, respectively, northwest of Chicago, are the twin columns of the eastern gateway to that magnificent country to which the attention of the health and pleasure seeker will be directed in the following pages. Those of the western gateway are Portland and Tacoma, and within the bounds of that imperial domain are to be found the most fertile plains, the most magnificent rivers and the noblest mountains in the world. Here, also, have been discovered, in greater profusion than in any other region of either hemisphere, the grotesque and fantastic products of nature's more playful and capricious moods. These constitute in the main the Wonderland to which we are bound; and that we may travel over that great railroad, the construction of which has brought them within our reach, and which has come to be known by the well deserved title of the Wonderland Route to the Pacific Coast, we are here, at one or the other of those two great cities which have sprung into existence, side by side, in the rich and rapidly growing State of Minnesota.

St. Paul and Minneapolis owe their commercial importance entirely to the development of the vast territory lying back of them. Their growth is almost unexampled, not even Chicago presenting a more astonishing picture of rapid expansion. In 1860 the total population of the two cities was but 16,222. To-day it exceeds 250,000; and the time is not far distant when they will together form one great metropolitan city, the capital of the Northwest, rivaling even Chicago itself. At present their interests are not identical; but, with the rapid extension of their boundaries, the two cities must soon become

one, and their interests common. St. Paul is slightly the older, and enjoys whatever prestige attaches to the capital of an important State. Built mainly on a series of terraces rising from the left bank of the river, and forming a natural amphitheatre, it commands extensive and magnificent views of the great Father of Waters, which, though 2,200 miles from its mouth, is here 1,300 feet broad. During the summer months steamboats between St. Paul and St. Louis, 791 miles distant, arrive and depart almost daily. The magnificent business blocks of the city bear witness to that commercial importance which its position at the head of navigation and as the focus of the railway activity of the Northwest has gained for it. Minneapolis is built on a broad esplanade on the right bank of the river, near the falls of St. Anthony, the immense power of which, variously estimated at from 120,000 to 150,000 horse-power, is utilized in those colossal flouring mills, which, laying the entire Northwest under contribution, have made the name of Minneapolis a household word even in cities of the Old World. Under the shadow of those mills have sprung up wholesale houses, carrying stocks that would astonish many an Eastern merchant; luxurious hotels, elegant theatres, and many other evidences of wealth and enterprise. Who shall venture to foretell the destiny of these great cities? Within the last three years they have doubled their population—no uncommon thing in the infancy of a community, but of exceedingly rare occurrence in cities of larger growth. Not since 1850–53 has Chicago increased its population in anything like that ratio. The year 1884 witnessed the erection of 5,027 new buildings in the two cities, at a cost of $17,209,900. While many charming residences were numbered among them, by far the greater proportion are now employed in maintaining and developing the trade and commerce of the great dual metropolis.

Within a few miles of the twin cities are the charming lakes of White Bear and Minnetonka. The former is one of the most attractive summer resorts in Minnesota, combining beautiful scenery, good hotel accommodations, and excellent boating and fishing. Minnetonka, the Saratoga of the Northwest, enjoys a great celebrity for the beauty of its scenery and the luxuriousness of its hotels. During the season its picturesque shores are much frequented by visitors from the Central and Western States, and the Lower Mississippi valley. On one of its outlets the far-famed falls of Minnehaha, immortalized by Longfellow—

> "Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
> Laugh and leap into the valley."

The great attractions of the State of Minnesota are undoubtedly its pine forests, covering nearly one-half of the State, and its numerous beautiful lakes. The number of the latter has been estimated at as high as 10,000. They vary from a few hundred yards to fifteen miles in diameter, and their waters, cool and transparent, abound with every variety of fresh-water fish.

Leaving the Union Depot, St. Paul, by the Northern Pacific Railroad, the tourist is soon traveling at a rapid rate and over an excellent road, in a northwesterly direction, toward the

Detroit Lake and Hotel Minnesota, Detroit, Minn.

Lake Park Region of Minnesota.

At Little Falls, 105 miles from St. Paul, the Little Falls & Dakota Division leaves the Main Line. A run of sixty miles on this branch brings us to Glenwood. This charming village is situated on the north shore of Lake Minnewaska, in a most beautiful valley, encompassed by high bluffs. Minnewaska is considered by many visitors the most beautiful lake in the State. It is twelve miles in length, and four miles in width, with a shore line of some forty miles. Its shores are sandy, with a pebbly beach, most of which is lined with a beautiful border of timber. A smooth carriage road runs the entire distance around the lake, close to the water's edge. The water is beautifully clear, and abounds with pickerel, pike, whitefish, bass, and other varieties of the finny tribe. Glenwood has two hotels, two churches, and other public buildings, and is rapidly becoming one of the finest summer resorts in Minnesota.

Resuming our journey on the Main Line, we soon come to Brainerd, finely situated on the east bank of the Mississippi river, in a forest of pine. The selection of this city for the location of the machine shops of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has made it a place of considerable importance, and it already has a population of 10,000. Lakes, with excellent fishing, abound in the neighborhood, and there is the finest deer shooting in the State. From Brainerd, the traveler may advantageously turn eastward and visit the city of Duluth, on Lake Superior. This is an important terminal point of the railroad, and the most western of all the cities which lie on the great chain of North American lakes. It has a population of 17,000, an excellent harbor, and, with the extension of the railroad, its business is rapidly assuming great importance. Its principal trade is in grain, for the storage of which it has six mammoth elevators, while it is also the centre of a large lumber industry. The city presents a bold and picturesque appearance, whether approached by water or by rail. It enjoys a delightfully cool temperature in summer; and the advantages it offers to the artist, the geologist, the angler, the sportsman, and the health seeker, make it a most attractive resort, and insure its continued growth in popularity. It has several hotels, with excellent accommodations, and is well supplied with religious and educational advantages. The scenery for some miles west of Duluth is exceedingly picturesque, the views from the car windows being a delightful succession of surprises. In the vicinity are the beautiful Dalles of the St. Louis.

The neighboring city of Superior, in Douglas county, Wis., has terminal facilities quite equal to those of Duluth. Ten miles distant are the famous Black River Falls. The cataract is 210 feet in height, and its waters are of ebony blackness.

Returning to Brainerd, we soon find ourselves in the heart of the Lake Park region, Otter Tail county, the entire area of which abounds with lovely sheets of water and rich timber, being entered soon after the train leaves the village of Wadena, at which station we change cars for the Fergus Falls & Black Hills Branch. Following this branch for twenty-nine miles, we arrive at a little town situated near three of the finest and largest lakes in this renowned region.

Clitherall Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, about four miles in length, teeming with innumerable varieties of fish. Its shores are haunted by water-fowl in great numbers. South of Clitherall stretches a fine prairie country, abounding in game. There are numerous beautiful drives in the neighborhood, and, last but by no means least, two good hotels. Four miles distant is the well-known Battle Lake, at the western extremity of which has sprung up the town of the same name. From an elevated standpoint, no fewer than seventeen beautiful lakes can be seen within a radius of five miles. It should be stated that there are two Battle Lakes, distinguished as East and West. Each has its beauties, and what has already been said with reference to the attractions of other Minnesota lakes will apply also to these charming resorts. The dividing line between the territories of the Sioux and Chippewa Indians ran through this neighborhood, and many sanguinary engagements have been fought here.

Resuming our journey at Wadena, we again travel in a northwesterly direction, and soon enter Becker county, the banner wheat-producing county of the State, the characteristics of which are in the main the same as those of Otter Tail county, the prairie and woodland being finely intermingled, and presenting many charming landscapes. No other part of Minnesota is so beautifully diversified as this district of country, where the woodlands broadly open and mingle with the prairie in groves and clustering groups of forest trees, the diversity being everywhere rendered complete by lakes and lakelets without number.

The county seat of this beautiful county is Detroit, 227 miles from St. Paul, charmingly situated just on the dividing line of the timber and prairie country, the former lying to the east of the town, the latter stretching away westward. This picturesque spot holds out to the pleasure seeker, invalid and sportsman a rare combination of attractions. Half a mile only from the business portion of the city lies Detroit Lake, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the State. Its wooded shores and pebbly beach ; the broad expanse of prairie, dotted with innumerable lakelets, like diamonds set in emeralds ; the shady groves of forest trees and the cool grottoes of the neighboring bluffs ; the air laden with the rich perfume of wild flowers and vocal with the melodious songs of birds ; game of every description known in the Northwest, in astonishing abundance ; and, last but not least, first-class hotel accommodations at very moderate rates ; these have combined to make Detroit what it is to-day—the most popular and attractive resort in the Northwest, and to double its resident population during the year 1884. Twenty-five miles north is the White Earth Reservation of the Chippewa, or Ojibway, Indians, of whom there are 1,500, civilized, and largely Christianized. Visitors are always welcome, and Eastern tourists carry back few pleasanter reminiscences than those of their visit to White Earth. Thirteen miles west is Lake Park, a young and prosperous business town, with several large wheat farms in the neighborhood. We are still in the Lake Park region, and the natural features of the country are those with which we have become familiar, if, indeed, we ever can become familiar with scenery so richly diversified.

We are now approaching the western boundary of this great and beautiful State; and, while the train pursues its way down the eastern slope of the Red River valley, we may, although tourists and not emigrants, pleasure seekers rather than land seekers, consider for a moment what the last twenty years have done for the State in which we have so pleasantly spent the last few days. Twenty years ago, within the lifetime of some of our children, Minnesota had ten miles of railroad; to-day it has between 4,000 and 5,000. In 1860 its population was 172,023, which had grown from 6,077 in a single decade; to-day it exceeds 1,000,000; and the State has, as we have seen, two distinct and self-contained

PLOWING ON A DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD. *See page* 13.

cities, which are rapidly taking their places among the foremost cities on the continent. Little more than twenty years ago, the country was thrilled by tidings that the murderous Sioux had made an incursion into Minnesota, and butchered, with every species of inhumanity, more than 3,000 men, women and children; to-day the noble red men are confined within certain reservations, many of their children are being educated at Hampton and Carlisle, and they themselves are yielding to the humanizing influences of the advancing tide of civilization. Twenty years ago, the cereal productions of the State were unimportant; to-day, notwithstanding its extensive water surface and pine forests, Minnesota ranks fifth in cereal productions among the States and Territories of the Union, if we exclude the production of corn, which can not be successfully cultivated in this

latitude. But we are rapidly approaching a Territory, the development of which within a single decade is more remarkable still.

The Yellowstone National Park, toward which we are all the while tending, and which will be described—if, indeed, the task is not a hopeless one—in its proper place, is one of the greatest of all natural wonders. Our Wonderland of the World is not, however, made up only of glaciers, geysers and cascades. On our westward journey we travel for more than 350 miles across the great Territory of Dakota, the recent marvelous development of the resources of which will form one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the history of the nineteenth century. If there is such a thing as the romance of figures, surely it is here that we may look for it; if statistics ever read like a fairy tale, it is in the story of the astonishingly rapid growth of this Territory in wealth and population.

Not since the memorable days when the discovery of gold in California gave its mighty impulse to Western colonization, has any other State or Territory of the Union been the scene of such an astonishing increase of population and so wonderful a development of its natural resources as we have witnessed in Dakota within the last five years. When, in 1861, it received a Territorial organization, in which were included the whole of Eastern Montana and a portion of what is now Wyoming, its entire white population numbered less than 3,000. The census of 1870 found it with its territory reduced to its present limits, and with a white population of 12,887, mainly settled in the southeastern part of the Territory, along the Missouri river. The next decade saw the beginning of a marvelous transformation, to be brought about by the inpouring of three distinct streams of immigration: one to the Black Hills, attracted by the discovery of gold; another, composed mainly of old settlers from Iowa and Nebraska, into the southeastern counties; and the third, and most important of all—following the Northern Pacific Railroad—from Minnesota, through the Red River valley, destined to overspread the whole of the northern part of the Territory. By the summer of 1880 the population had increased to 135,180, of whom 51,793 were of foreign birth. But, rapid as was the increase of the Territory in population and corresponding production from 1877 to 1880, its subsequent progress has been still more remarkable. Since the beginning of the present decade, its growth has far exceeded the largest expectations that its earlier progress, marvelous as it was, would at all have justified. Already the 135,000 inhabitants in 1880, have become at least 450,000; the 7,352,589 bushels of cereals have grown to nearly 40,000,000; and the six national and eighteen private banks have increased to no fewer than 211. These astonishing facts, however, but faintly foreshadow what coming years will witness. This magnificent Territory has an area of 149,100 square miles, which is considerably larger than that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Millions upon millions of acres of land—land which needs but to be tickled with a plow to smile a golden harvest—have yet to be settled upon; and, when the relations of the national government with the Indians, whose reservations now comprise about one-third of

the entire area of the Territory, are such as to enable it to adopt the enlightened and indeed only true economic policy of substituting for the prevailing system of tribal reservations that of allotment in severalty, settling each family upon its own quarter-section, many thousands of square miles will be made available for colonization.

But the spires of Moorhead are in view, and we are about to cross the famous Red River of the North. This stream is so named to distinguish it from the Red River of Louisiana. It forms the boundary between Minnesota and Dakota, flowing northward into Lake Winnipeg. From this point to the city of Winnipeg it is navigable; and large quantities of wheat, farm machinery and general merchandise are conveyed by steamers which ply between the several towns along its banks. There is abundant evidence that the Red River formerly ran from north to south. Its contrary course in this age subjects a large part of the country through which it runs to an annual overflow, due to the fact that the winter ice breaks up first in the southern part of the stream, and the river, ice-bound in its northern portion, is unable to carry off the immense volume of water which the genial currents of spring have liberated. On the Minnesota side of the Red River stands the city of Moorhead, a place of steady and substantial growth, and of financial solidity. One of the best hotels west of Chicago invites the tourist to make this city a halting place. From its location, Moorhead has secured the name of the "Key City of the Northwest," and there can be no doubt that it is destined to become a place of considerable importance. The adjoining country is well settled, and the gradual development of manufactures in the town insures a continuance of that steady growth which has distinguished it in the past. The religious and educational advantages of the city are very good, and the sociability and hospitality of its citizens make a visit to Moorhead exceedingly pleasant. These qualities, however, are characteristic of the people of the entire Northwest, and there is, moreover, a degree of refinement in the homes of the more substantial settlers for which the visitor is quite unprepared. But we must hasten along.

Opposite Moorhead, on the Dakota side of the river, stands Fargo, the chief town in North Dakota, an ambitious, enterprising place, believing strongly, and not without reason, that its destiny is to be a great city. Its history dates from 1872; but so lately as 1877 it had but a handful of inhabitants, and these have grown to 10,000 or more. Miles upon miles of side-tracks, upon which switching is going on all day long, and all night too; warehouse after warehouse, full of costly agricultural machinery; blocks of stores that would be deemed imposing and attractive in any city in the world; elegant and commodious churches and other public buildings—all, and much more besides, stamp the city as the metropolis of a rich district and the home and mart of an enterprising people. While Fargo can no longer be said to be a frontier town, there is a novelty, and often an incongruity, about the visitor's experiences which might lead him to suppose that he had reached the very Ultima Thule of civilization. He is rapidly conveyed from one point to another in luxurious street cars; he finds the

hotels, stores, warehouses and offices connected by one of the most complete telephonic systems anywhere to be found, and hardly a place of business in the city without the electric light; and then he goes to his hotel to be asked by the waitress whether he will take roast loin of buffalo or roast saddle of black bear! It would appear as if civilization had brought up all her forces, that her onward march might be the more rapid and irresistible.

West and southwest of Fargo stretch the famous

Wheat Fields of Dakota,

which are of such vast extent that one might almost designate this portion of the Territory the granary of the world. Every station along the line, as we go westward, has one or more capacious grain elevators, in which the wealth of Dakota's fertile fields is stored, awaiting transportation. A peculiarity of wheat growing in Dakota is the grand scale upon which it is conducted. Eighteen miles west of Fargo, and 292 miles from St. Paul, are the famous bonanza farms of Mr. Oliver Dalrymple. Here, and at Casselton, two miles west, wheat growing is carried on upon a scale so gigantic as to seem almost incredible to any one familiar only with the methods of the older and more settled States. At Dalrymple there are 27,000 acres under cultivation; at Casselton 20,000 acres; at Grandin 28,000 acres, all forming one great farm, or rather combination of farms, under the same management. The appearance of the broad expanse of prairie, so level that the light on the electric tower at Fargo can be seen at a distance of fifty miles, varies singularly according to the season of the year. In winter there is nothing to be seen but a vast, snow-covered plain, perfectly level, stretching away to the horizon, and undiversified, save here and there by a farm building and the scanty growth of undersized trees fringing the Maple and Sheyenne rivers; toward the middle of April, the field of snow is changed to one of black loam, often to a large extent under water; but as harvest approaches, the scene is, as may be imagined, a striking one, as impressive as it is beautiful. Before harvest operations begin, the eye may rest upon an illimitable field of golden grain, and when the long procession of reaping machines moves out, the visitor, be he ever so unimpressionable, can not but be profoundly moved as he sees the ingathering on so prodigious a scale of the food of toiling millions in the great cities of the world.

Pursuing our way westward, we remark with some surprise the great number of "cities" which have sprung up along the line of the railroad, all with a prosperous look, and many with substantial business blocks and elegant churches and school houses, giving evidence that their enterprising settlers have confidence in their future. Among such is Valley City, on the Sheyenne river, the most beautifully situated town on this division of the road, and the capital of the prosperous Barnes county. Passing several pretty lakelets, the haunt of innumerable wild fowl, we soon find ourselves descending into the valley of the James, or Dakota, river, the longest unnavigable river on the continent. Here has sprung up the city of Jamestown, the county seat of Stutsman county, and,

Ferry on the Yellowstone River.

what is of vastly more moment, the metropolis of an important section of country. It is picturesquely located, and all the resources of civilization are made to contribute to the prosperity and happiness of its inhabitants. Along the shores of the James and Sheyenne rivers, roamed in former years the savage Sioux, and many a bloody conflict has taken place within sight of their wooded slopes. The Indians, however, long ago retreated before the advancing stream of immigration, and the tourist to-day will probably have to journey farther westward before he will see a single "live Injun." The idea of

Sea Bathing in Northern Dakota

is a startling one. The construction of the Jamestown & Northern Branch Railroad has, however, brought within easy reach of the tourist the far-famed Devil's Lake, an extensive sheet of salt water, some eighty miles north of the road upon which we are traveling.

The country through which the Jamestown & Northern Branch passes, is, in its general features, similar to that to which the tourist has become accustomed since he crossed the Sheyenne ; namely, a broad prairie intersected by the narrow valleys of several streams, and occasionally relieved in the monotony of its landscape by ranges of low hills. Devil's Lake, Dakota's inland ocean, lies midway between the great valleys of the Red and Missouri rivers, forty-five miles south of the international boundary. Its name is said to have originated in the confounding of two Indian names by the early explorers. The Indians called it Minnewaukan (spirit water), but in speaking of its saline properties with reference to drinking purposes they used a word signifying bad. Hence the early settlers came to call it "Lake of the Evil Spirit," or "Devil's Lake." The length of this irregular sheet of water, following all its windings, is about forty-five miles, and its width varies from a few hundred yards at La Rose's Ferry to seven miles opposite Fort Totten. The water is salt, closely resembling, both in appearance and taste, that of the ocean. Its specific gravity is 1.005. The shores of the lake are exceedingly picturesque, extending 280 miles with the most fantastic irregularity. They are well wooded, and, sloping gracefully to the water, present at many points scenes of singular beauty. Abutting promontories and numerous islands add greatly to the picturesque effect. Analysis shows that the water of Devil's Lake contains sulphates of soda and of magnesia (epsom and glauber salts) and chlorides of soda (common salt) and magnesia. These medicinal properties, in conjunction with a delightful climate, will attract tourists from all parts of the world, and the beautiful Minnewaukan will soon be not less famous as a summer resort than the country around it is for productiveness. The climate is indeed highly salubrious, the air being dry and the temperature equable.

The climate of North Dakota generally is cold in winter and warm in summer. There is scarcely any spring, and after the melting of the snow, vegetation grows with surprising rapidity. Autumn is the most agreeable season, but the hottest

days of summer are, throughout the whole of this Northwestern country. followed by cool and refreshing nights.

Resuming our journey at Jamestown, we cross presently a high pleateau, the Plateau du Coteau de Missouri, a vast tract of country but little cultivated. It has, however, a rich soil, and will soon be brought under the plow. As the day wears on, and we begin to wonder how far we are from Bismarck, we come upon several model farms, known, respectively, as the Steele, Van Deusen and McGill farms, at each of which there are several thousand acres under cultivation.

On the left bank of the Big Muddy, known to school boys and poets as the mighty Missouri, stands Bismarck, the capital of the Territory, named in honor of the great German statesman. Though this city had long commanded an important river trade with various settlements away to the northwest, its progress was not rapid, nor its permanent importance at all assured, until it was fixed upon as the new capital of the Territory. Its selection as such gave rise to a tremendous boom, real estate advancing enormously in price, and lots far out on the prairie changing hands at astounding figures. Such, however, is the experience at one time or another of nearly all these Northwestern cities. At Bismarck one comes in contact with a new social element. If navigation is open on the Missouri, we find the Sheridan—a most excellent hotel, by the way—full of river captains, Indian agents, post traders, and so forth, all of the hail-fellow-well-met stamp, courteous and entertaining. It may be noted here, that while hotel accommodations of superior excellence have, in these pages, been specially brought under the tourist's notice, there are, at all the more important points along the Northern Pacific Railroad, hotels which are first class in every respect; indeed, the traveler sometimes wishes that his journey had in it a little more of the flavor of romance. To get that, however, he needs but to leave the great transcontinental highway on which he is journeying—the beaten track of travel—and he can find all he desires. Should he, on the other hand, be content with a rapid glance at this great country, he need not leave the train at all; for the luxurious sleeping cars, and the excellently appointed dining cars which run on every train, will afford him accommodations unsurpassed by those of any hotel in the country. Bismarck itself has no particular attractions, but from the bluffs immediately behind it very extensive and pleasing views of the country are obtained. Across the river is Fort Lincoln, while a few hours' sail in one of the fine steamboats that ply on the Missouri will bring us to one of those numerous reservations in which the warlike Sioux are held in check. Bismarck is an excellent point for the purchasing of outfits and the securing of guides by those who contemplate hunting excursions.

The railroad crosses the Missouri river by a magnificent bridge, opened for traffic on the first of October, 1882. Prior to that time the cars were conveyed from shore to shore by a large transfer boat, specially constructed for that purpose. So uncertain, however, is the channel of the river, owing to the rapid current and the constantly shifting sand bars, that this mode of conveyance was extremely tedious, and it was found impossible to run trains with the regularity

expected of so important a railroad. The bridge proper consists of three spans, each of 400 feet, and two approach spans, each 113 feet, with a long stretch of substantial trestle work. The entire cost of the structure was about $1,000,000. The great river, though 3,500 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, is at this point 2,800 feet in breadth, and, with its tributaries, has 2,000 miles of navigable waters above it to the north and west.

The country through which the traveler passes after crossing the Missouri is much more diversified than that in the eastern half of the Territory. The Heart, Knife and Sweet Briar valleys have attracted numerous settlers by the fertility of their soil, as evinced by the abundance of their nutritious grasses, and they are rapidly being brought under cultivation. Before, however, proceeding farther on our journey, mention must be made of Mandan, a town on the western bank of the river, and the county seat of Morton county. Of all the towns we have yet reached, this is the one of most recent growth. It is but a few years since

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

it was in the occupation of the Indians, and was the scene of a bloody engagement between two contending tribes. But now it has substantial brick business blocks, several churches, good schools, and a fine railroad depot; and there are also a round-house and extensive machine shops, Mandan being the eastern and western terminus, respectively, of the Missouri and Dakota divisions of the road. It has a conveniently situated and admirably equipped hotel, capable of accommodating a large number of guests. Mandan has not yet overtaken Bismarck as a commercial centre, nor in respect to population, but its residents predict for it a great future. That a large town will grow up where this transcontinental highway crosses the Missouri is almost certain, and it is worthy of note in this connection, that most of the great river cities of the continent are on the west bank of the stream to which, in conjunction with the railroads, they owe their importance. Where it is otherwise, the reason is obvious.

As we approach the western boundary of the Territory, the natural features of the country become entirely changed, and we enter a region of paramount interest to the student of nature, the tourist and the sight-seer. This is the far-

famed Pyramid Park, better known by its old name of the "Bad Lands," although that appellation is, to a certain extent, a misnomer. It is impossible to convey in words an adequate description of this extraordinary country; and even the resources of the photographer, be he ever so skillful, fail as utterly as those of the word-painter. The train travels through it at full speed for nearly an hour, but if the traveler desires to make a closer examination of its wonders, he leaves the train at Little Missouri station, where the line crosses the Little Missouri river. He will there find guides, and every facility for a visit to Cedar Cañon, and also to the Burning Mine, where he will see still in operation that mighty agency which has wrought out during countless ages the marvelous picture spread out before him. Writing of the scene which presents itself to the eye of the almost bewildered spectator, as he gazes upon the marvelous diversity of outline and the infinite variety and startling contrasts of color, that accomplished writer, Mr. E. V. Smalley, says:

"The change in the scene is so startling, and the appearance of the landscape so wholly novel and so singularly grotesque, that you rub your eyes to make sure that you are not dreaming of some ancient geologic epoch, when the rude, unfinished earth was the sport of Titanic forces, or fancying yourself transported to another planet. Enormous masses of conglomerate—red, gray, black, brown, and blue, in towers, pyramids, peaks, ridges, domes, castellated heights—occupy the face of the country. In the spaces between are grassy, lawn-like expanses, dotted with the petrified stumps of huge trees. The finest effect of color is produced by the dark red rock—not rock in fact, but actual terra-cotta, baked by the heat of underlying layers of lignite. At some points the coal is still on fire, and the process of transforming mountains of blue clay into mountains of pottery may be observed from day to day. It has been going on for countless ages, no doubt. To bake one of these colossal masses may have required 10,000 years of smoldering heat. I despair of giving any adequate idea of the fantastic forms of the buttes or of the wonderful effects of color they offer. The pen and brush of a skillful artist would alone be competent for the task. The photographer, be he never so deft with his camera and chemicals, only belittles these marvelous views. He catches only bare outlines, without color, and color is the chief thing in the picture. He can not get the true effect of distance, and his negatives show only staring blacks and whites in place of the infinite variations of light and shadow effects in valleys and gorges and hollows, and upon crags and pinnacles. Look, if you can, by the feeble aid of written words, upon a single butte, and see how impossible it is to photograph it satisfactorily. It rises from a carpet of green grass. Its base has a bluish hue, and appears to be clay solidified by enormous pressure. It is girdled by bands of light gray stone and black lignite coal. Its upper portion is of the rich red color of old Egyptian pottery. Crumbled fragments strew its sides. Its summit, rising 300 feet above the plain, has been carved by the elements into turrets, battlements, sharp spires, grotesque gargoyles, and huge projecting buttresses—an amazing jumble of weird architectural effects, that startle the eye with suggestions of intelligent

design. Above, the sky is wonderfully clear and blue, the rays of the setting sun spread a rosy tint over the crest, and just above its highest tower floats a little flame-colored cloud like a banner. When I say there are thousands of these buttes, the reader will perceive that the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri are a region of extraordinary interest to the tourist and artist."

It should be added that this is a great hunting ground, and that reasonably good hotel accommodations can be found for lovers of the chase making their headquarters at Little Missouri station. The Marquis de Mores, a wealthy young French nobleman, has taken up his residence here, and done much to encourage the grazing industry, for which the country is eminently adapted. He has recently erected extensive abattoirs at Medora, on the east bank of the Little Missouri.

Once more resuming our seats in the train, we travel onward toward

> "That desolate land and lone
> Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
> Roar down their mountain path."

Shortly after passing Sentinel Butte, a lofty peak rising precipitously from the plain on the south side of the railroad, we cross the Montana boundary, at the highest point (2,840 feet) above sea level we have so far attained; and a further run of some fifty miles brings us to the Yellowstone valley. The antelope, buffalo and elk, which have occasionally been seen since we crossed the Missouri river, bounding away before the thundering locomotive and its train of cars, now appear in greater numbers; and either from the windows or platforms of the moving train we may test the accuracy of our aim and the range of our six-shooters by firing at the retreating herd. This is often done, for there are still travelers who can not disabuse themselves of the altogether mistaken notion that it is necessary for them to go armed.

The Yellowstone river, the most important of the tributaries of the Missouri, is a stream of considerable magnitude, navigable for 300 miles. Glendive, on its right bank, 690 miles from St. Paul, is the first Montana town we reach, and from this point westward the railroad follows, more or less closely, for 340 miles, the windings of the river. Glendive is an important trading point, both in regard to shipping buffalo hides and whatever other produce the surrounding country yields, and as a distributing point for the necessaries of life. The construction of the railroad for many miles west, or rather southwest, presented great difficulties, on account of the constant disintegration of the rocks and the consequent precipitation on to the track of masses of earth and stone. The scenery is more or less picturesque, and not infrequently imposing, for the entire length of the valley. A few hours' ride, in the course of which we cross numerous tributaries of the Yellowstone, the most important of which is Powder river, brings us to Miles City, one of the best points in the valley at which to make a stay. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Tongue and Yellowstone rivers, is an important entrepôt, shipping and distributing point, and presents various features of interest with which the traveler has not before become acquainted.

YELLOWSTONE RIVER—NATIONAL PARK.

A vast area of rich grazing country, extending 200 miles southward into the Territory of Wyoming, as well as northward to the Missouri river, is tributary to this point, and also draws its supplies hence. The last two years have witnessed an enormous development of the grazing interest in the valleys of the Yellowstone and its tributaries, and large shipments of cattle, to Chicago and other Eastern cities, are made almost daily during the season. This is also the centre of the greatest buffalo-hunting country in the world, as many as a quarter of a million hides having been sent East from this city in a single year. In the early summer, when the snow is melting on the Big Horn Mountains, the Yellowstone is navigable 150 miles above Miles City, and for a short time an active river trade is carried on; but that trade, like that of the Upper Missouri, is so precarious, owing to the continual shifting of the channel, that, with the opening of the railroad, it will probably soon die out. An almost every-day occurrence here during the season, is the arrival of freighters, with buffalo hides and tongues, deer skins, and other spoils of the chase. It is no uncommon thing to see long trains of wagons enter the city, each wagon drawn by from five to ten yoke of oxen. In this thriving little community of from 2,000 to 3,000 souls, there is scarcely an important race not represented. The tourist is not likely ever to forget the feelings with which he first walks the streets of Miles City: Indians, Chinamen, negroes; hunters and cow boys, in their deerskin shirts, leather breeches and slouched hats, with six-shooters and bowie-knives glistening in their belts, make up a motley crowd. The doors of the gambling saloons stand open day and night, and the character of their habitués is such as to make them well worthy of a visit. Another interesting feature with which the traveler first meets at this point, is the method of ferrying which obtains in this country of rapid streams, a flat-bottomed boat being run along a cable stretched at an oblique angle from shore to shore, with the current for a motive power.

Some miles south of Miles City, but apparently only a few minutes' walk—such is the transparency of the atmosphere—stands Signal Butte, a lofty peak of great interest, well deserving a visit, not less for the sake of the magnificent prospect that may be obtained from its summit, than for the geological specimens with which its slopes abound.

Two miles beyond Miles City is Fort Keogh, the largest and one of the most beautifully situated military stations in the United States. It was established eight years ago by Gen. Nelson A. Miles. The country was then full of the warlike Sioux ; but upon the surrender of their great chief, Sitting Bull, they allowed themselves to be transported to reservations on the Missouri river, where they are virtually prisoners of war. The Indians now located in Eastern Montana belong, with few exceptions, to the Cheyenne tribe. While retaining their picturesque costume, they follow agricultural and industrial pursuits, and are independent of government aid.

Proceeding up the valley, we cross the turbulent waters of the Big Horn river by a bridge 600 feet in length, and presently enter the Big Horn tunnel, the first tunnel through which we pass on our westward journey. Custer, a few miles

beyond, is the best point from which to reach the famous Maginnis mines, 100 miles to the northwest. Another hour's ride and we come to Pompey's Pillar, a mass of yellow sandstone rising abruptly to a considerable height. About half way up there is carved on the sandstone the name of the veteran pioneer, William Clarke, who visited this spot July 25, 1806, and has left a graphic description of the country as he saw it.

The Yellowstone river constitutes for a considerable distance the northern boundary of the reservation of the Crow Indians, said to be the richest nation in the world, in proportion to their numbers, their wealth aggregating $3,500 per head. The Crows have long been friendly to the whites, and readily negotiated the sale of the land required for the construction of the railroad.

The city of Billings, the next important town we reach, is 915 miles from St. Paul, and 225 from Glendive, where the train entered the Yellowstone valley. It is near this city that we first catch sight of snow-clad mountains, the immense, dazzling range of the Big Snow Mountains looming up grandly before us. At the beginning of June, 1882, this town consisted of fifty-one houses and forty-seven tents, and was considered the "hardest" place in the entire Northwest; to-day it has its hotels, churches, schools, and other public buildings, and an orderly and well-to-do population of something like 3,000.

Ninety-five miles farther west is Springdale, where we leave the train for Hunter's Hot Springs. These springs, which are of great repute for their medicinal properties, are situated at the foot of the Crazy Mountains, one and three-fourths miles north of the Yellowstone river. They have been celebrated for their healing virtues from time immemorial, having been resorted to by Indians from far and near. Dr. Hunter, the proprietor, was the first white man to visit them. That was in 1864. For the last fourteen years Dr. Hunter and his family have resided at the springs, which are now identified with his name. The water, the chief chemical ingredient of which is sulphur, is discharged at the rate of 2,000 gallons per minute, its temperature being from 148° to 168° Fahrenheit. The scenery around is very beautiful, and the springs are rapidly becoming a popular resort. The climate is highly salubrious, the cold of winter being moderated by the Japan current, known as the Chinook wind, which blows across the Pacific Ocean, and so far modifies the climate of the far Northwest that the isothermal line of 50° Fahr., which passes through Cleveland and Chicago, runs away north into Montana, and even into the British Possessions.

We are now within twenty miles of Livingston, the gateway to the National Park. A run of an hour brings us to that city. Here we are 1,030 miles from St. Paul; we have crossed the meridian of 110° W., and are at an altitude of 4,450 feet above mean sea level. Livingston is situated on the west bank of the Yellowstone, just at the point where the river gushes forth from the lower cañon. It is built on a beautiful plain; and beyond the river stretches a broad plateau, with magnificent mountains in the background. Its chief interest for the tourist lies, however, in the fact that it is here that he changes cars for the

FALLS OF THE GIBBON RIVER—NATIONAL PARK.

Yellowstone National Park,

that sublimest of natural wonders, toward which he is hastening with eager expectation, impatient of delay.

This marvelous creation of the Supreme Builder of the Universe, incomparably grand and absolutely unique, is the Mecca of our pilgrimage.

Since it was rendered accessible by the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and provision was made for the comfortable accommodation of travelers, and for their conveniently visiting the various objects of interest, its fame has traveled far and wide, and the question: "How may the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park be reached?" is now being asked all over the civilized world. To answer that inquiry, so far as it has not been answered in the preceding pages, is our first duty. Briefly and positively the answer may be given: *Practically there is but one route.* The Northern Pacific Railroad remains, and probably will remain, *the only direct and all-rail route* to the Park. Its main line running through Livingston, but fifty-one miles from the Park boundary, it has constructed a standard-gauge branch right to the Park itself, terminating at Cinnabar, six miles only from the great hotel, which is, and must continue to be, the most advantageous point for the headquarters of visitors.

The entire trip from Livingston to Cinnabar is made through the upper valley of the Yellowstone river, with ever-varying views of mountain, woodland, and well-cultivated farms. Five minutes after leaving the railroad station a grand scene presents itself to the eye. This is the first cañon of the majestic river, and picturesque groups of towering rocks, varied by beautiful areas of forest trees, claim wondering admiration. Soon the grim walls of the cañon are passed, and the broad and fertile valley of the Yellowstone unfolds as a panorama its charming features of farmstead and of wood-clad islands, the latter reflecting their foliage in the silver flood, whose rushing waters fall upon the ear in deep *crescendo* tones. To these charms must be added those afforded by watching the animal life of the country. Eagles and other birds of prey hover in the air; glimpses of startled antelope and elk are caught on the mountain crags, while myriads of wild geese and ducks haunt the feeding grounds on the margin of the river.

At Cinnabar, the southern terminus of the National Park Branch, a line of Concord coaches and light spring wagons connects with all passenger trains, conveying passengers without delay to Mammoth Hot Springs (Yellowstone National Park Hotel), distant about six miles. The tourist is now on the enchanted ground known throughout the civilized world as the Yellowstone National Park, which the Congress of the United States has "dedicated and set apart as a public park, or pleasure ground, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

A distinguished writer, speaking of the country embraced in the Park, says: "It is a region of wonder, terror and delight. Nature puts forth all her powers, and her moods are ever changing from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

Here tremendous geysers shoot up their mighty fountains, causing the earth to groan and tremble by their violence; countless hot springs, indescribable in their strange beauty, show depths as translucent as the ambient air; pools of seething mud, casting up jets of colored paste, bewilder by their curious activity. And, as if these were not sufficient, here, too, is to be seen the most varied and lavish display of picturesque scenery. The Park unfolds a succession of pictures, each more striking than the other. There are serried, snow-mantled mountains, profound cañons, mighty cataracts, verdant valleys, beautiful woods, sylvan streams, foaming cascades, and mirror-like lakes."

Location.

The Yellowstone National Park lies partly in the Territory of Wyoming and partly in that of Montana. It is sixty-five miles north and south, by fifty-five miles east and west; comprises 3,575 square miles, and is, throughout its entire extent, 6,000 feet, or more, above the level of the sea. Yellowstone Lake has an altitude of 7,788 feet, while the mountain ranges that hem in the valleys on every side rise to the height of 10,000 and 12,000 feet, and are covered with perpetual snow. The entire region was, at a comparatively recent geological period, the scene of remarkable volcanic activity, the last stages of which are still visible in the hot springs and geysers. In the number and magnitude of these, the Park surpasses all the rest of the world. There are probably fifty geysers throwing columns of water to the height of from 50 to 200 feet, and from 5,000 to 10,000 springs, depositing either lime or silica. There is every variety of beautiful color, and the deposits form around their borders the most elaborate ornamentation. The temperature of the calcareous springs is from 160° to 170°, that of the others 200° or more. The principal collections are the Upper and Lower Geyser Basins of the Madison river and the calcareous springs of the Gardiner river. The Park is also one of the most interesting geographical localities in North America, having within its limits or in its vicinity the sources of several of the greatest rivers of the continent. On the north are those of the Yellowstone; on the west those of the principal forks of the Missouri; on the southwest and south those of Snake river, flowing into the Columbia and through it into the Pacific Ocean, and those of Green river, a branch of the great Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California.

Geysers.

Of the many wonderful things to be seen in the Park, the most wonderful of all are the GEYSERS, of which there is the grandest collection known to exist in the world. They are very active and powerful, each one having regular eruptions of from five to fifteen minutes' duration, when columns of boiling water are thrown from 100 to 300 feet high, and countless rocks of enormous weight hurled like rockets high above the columns of water, accompanied by an earth-trembling which is terrific. The largest and principal geysers have been named as follows:

"Old Faithful," which regularly every hour sends its streams of boiling water 200 feet upward, the spectacle continuing from three to five minutes. When the action ceases, the water recedes out of sight, and nothing but the occasional hiss of steam is heard until the time approaches for another eruption.

On the opposite side of the river is the "Bee Hive" geyser, which once in twenty-four hours throws a column of water, three feet in diameter, to a height of from 100 to 220 feet.

Next, one comes up to the "Giantess," which, however, only once in fourteen days shows her power. She then shoots up a stream 250 feet into the air, with strong eruption, lasting twenty minutes, and heard at a great distance. From here one visits the "Lion," the "Lioness" and her two cubs, the "Saw Mill," the "Grand," the "Comet," the "Giant," the "Grotto," the "Splendid," and the "Castle" geysers, with others of smaller size. Of the last-named group the "Giant" and the "Grand" are the mightiest, throwing streams to a height of 200 feet, the former playing an hour, and the latter twenty minutes, each with strong ebullitions. The craters of these geysers differ considerably in form. Many are even with the ground, and have either narrower or wider throats. Others have elevated craters, which in numerous instances exhibit the most peculiar shapes; as, for instance, the "Castle," which bears a striking similarity to a ruined stronghold, while that of the "Grotto" resembles a hermit's cell. In addition to these geysers, hot sulphur springs are here in large numbers, exhibiting their beautiful play of colors, as well as their wonderful work of varied crystallizations. One sees here, indeed, the waters in constant play in every stage, from boiling and seething to eruption in great columns of 250 feet in height, which appear as perfect fountains, while the effect is vastly enhanced by the clouds of hot vapor which float upward far beyond the jets of water. This unique demonstration of nature's power in the Geyser Basin has lent to the National Park the appropriate name of "Wonderland," which it well deserves. For, although similar works of nature may be found elsewhere, yet in no other land does such an assemblage of geysers exist, nor are they likely to be reproduced. The landscape from this Geyser Park offers a beautiful view of high, wood-clad mountain chains, in which rugged rock-groups are often visible. The Firehole river also presents its novelties in the way of hot and cold water flowing in many places in close proximity. Especially is this instanced at the crossing of the stream where the road leaves the Upper Geyser Basin for the Middle Basin. Here the "Riverside" geyser rears itself directly from the bank, and mingles its boiling water with that of the river.

The way to the Middle Geyser Basin is through beautiful woods, showing snatches of mountain scenery, and passing numerous hot springs of the same character as those already named.

Finally, the largest geyser which exists in this land of wonders is reached. This is the celebrated "Excelsior." The eruption of this geyser is at irregular intervals, and it is difficult to know when it will happen. But whoever has the good fortune to witness "Excelsior" in activity will certainly marvel at its terri-

VIEWS OF "OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER. *See page* 26.

ble power, for its column of water, varying from no less than sixty to seventy-five feet in diameter, is sent 300 feet into the air!

One of the wonders of the Park is the Grand Cañon, whose perpendicular sides, from 200 to 500 yards apart, rise to the height of 1,500 to 2,000 feet.

Professor F. V. Hayden, in his report to Congress on the explorations which he conducted, to which we are indebted for nearly all the authentic knowledge we have of the Yellowstone region, says: "No language can do justice to the wonderful grandeur and beauty of the cañon below the lower falls, the very nearly vertical walls slightly sloping down to the water's edge on either side, so that from the summit the river appears like a thread of silver foaming over its rocky bottom; the variegated colors of the sides—yellow, red, brown, white—all intermixed and shading into each other; the Gothic columns of every form standing out from the sides of the walls with greater variety and more striking colors than ever adorned a work of human art. The margins of the cañon on either side are beautifully fringed with pines. * * * The decomposition and the colors of the rocks must have been due largely to hot water from the springs, which has percolated all through, giving to them their present variegated and unique appearance. Standing near the margin of the lower falls, and looking down the cañon, which looks like an immense chasm or cleft in the basalt, with its sides, 1,500 to 1,800 feet high, and decorated with the most brilliant colors that the human eye ever saw, with the rocks weathered into an almost unlimited variety of forms, with here and there a pine sending its roots into the clefts on the sides, as if struggling with a sort of uncertain success to maintain an existence—the whole presents a picture that it would be difficult to surpass in nature. Mr. Thomas Moran, a celebrated artist, and noted for his skill as a colorist, exclaimed, with a kind of regretful enthusiasm, that these beautiful tints were beyond the reach of human art. It is not the depth alone that gives such an impression of grandeur to the mind, but it is also the picturesque forms and coloring. After the waters of the Yellowstone roll over the upper descent, they flow with great rapidity over the apparently flat, rocky bottom, which spreads out to nearly double its width above the falls, and continues thus until near the lower falls, when the channel again contracts, and the waters seem, as it were, to gather themselves into one compact mass, and plunge over the descent of 350 feet in detached drops of foam as white as snow, some of the larger globules of water shooting down like the contents of an exploded rocket. It is a sight far more beautiful than, though not so grand or impressive as, that of Niagara Falls. A heavy mist always rises from the water at the foot of the falls, so dense that one can not approach within 200 or 300 feet, and even then the clothes will be drenched in a few moments. Upon the yellow, nearly vertical wall of the west side, the mist mostly falls; and for 300 feet from the bottom the wall is covered with a thick matting of mosses, sedges, grasses, and other vegetation of the most vivid green, which have sent their small roots into the softened rocks, and are nourished by the ever-ascending spray."

Now, glance at the map of the National Park: find Mount Washburn—the

"Pisgah" of that land—situated midway between the northern boundary of the Yellowstone Lake and the northern boundary of the Park. No tourist should fail in securing this enchanting view; while to the scientist, the artist or the poet, and to the worn and weary pilgrims of health and pleasure from our own and other lands, ardent to secure the acme of mountain-climbing enjoyment, and to view the lovely parks and yawning cañons, the crests of glistening ice, and veils of blistering brimstone—the records of fire and flood, the evidences of marvelous eruptions and erosions of the present and past—we would say, leisurely ascend the terraced slopes of Mount Washburn, and from its oval summit, with throbbing heart but fearless eye, and soul expanding, look around you. One day thus spent will more adequately impress the mind with the magnitude and marvels of this glorious Wonderland than a perusal of all the maps, reports and other descriptions of the Park that have ever been published.

Of all the visitors to the National Park, none has written more eloquently than the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. He says:

"Let us take our stand for a little now upon Mount Washburn. Its rounded crest is more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and perhaps 5,000 feet above the level of the valley out of which it springs. Its smooth slopes are easy of ascent. You need not dismount from your horse to gain its summit. Standing there, you look down upon the whole grand panorama as does that eagle yonder, holding himself aloft upon almost motionless wings. I doubt if there is another view at once so majestic and so beautiful in the whole world. Your vision darts through the spaces for 150 miles on some sides. You are standing upon a mountain lifting itself out of a vast saucer-shaped depression. Away yonder, where the sky seems to meet the earth on every side around the whole circumference of your sight, are lines and ranges of snow-capped peaks shutting your glances in. Yonder shoot upward the serrated peaks of Pilot Mountain in the Clark's Fork Range. Joined to that, sweep on around you in the dim distance the snowy lines of the Madison Range. Yonder join hands with these the Stinking Water Mountains, and so on and on and around. Do you see that sharp, pinnacle-pointed mountain away off at the southwest, shining in its garments of white against the blue of the summer sky? That is Mount Evarts, named after the poor lost wanderer who for thirty-seven days of deadly peril and starvation sought a way of escape from these frowning mountain barriers, which shut him in so remorselessly, and it marks the divide of the continent.

"Take now a closer view for a moment. Mark the lower hills folded in their thick draperies of pine and spruce, like dark green velvet of the softest and the deepest; notice, too, those beautiful park-like spaces where the trees refuse to grow, and where the prairie spreads its smooth sward freely toward the sunlight. And those spots of steam breaking into the vision every now and then, and floating off like the whitest clouds that ever graced the summer sky—those are the signals of the geysers at their strange duty, yonder in the geyser basins thirty miles away. And those bits of silver flashing hither and thither on the hillsides amid the dense green of the forests—these are waterfalls and fragments of ice

glaciers, which for ages have been at their duty of sculpturing these mountains, and have not yet completed it. And that lovely deep blue sheet of water, of such a dainty shape, running its arms out toward the hills, and bearing on its serene bosom emeralds of islands—that is the sweetest sheet of water in the world—that is the Yellowstone Lake. And that exquisite broad sheen of silver, winding through the green of the trees and the brown of the prairie—that is the Yellowstone River, starting on its wonderful journey to the Missouri, and thence downward to the Gulf, between 6,000 and 7,000 miles away. But, nearer to us, almost at our feet, as we trace this broad line of silver, the eye encounters a frightful chasm, as if the earth had suddenly sunk away; and into its gloomy depths the brightness and beauty of the shining river leaps, and is thenceforward lost altogether to the view—that is the tremendous cañon, or gorge, of the Yellowstone."

Bishop Foss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in a letter to the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of Sept. 12, 1883, after referring to his journey of a thousand miles on the Northern Pacific Railroad as the perfection of ease and comfort in railway travel, writes thus of the National Park :

"Nowhere else on the face of the earth can there be found such a multitude and variety of natural wonders, and especially such abundant evidences of intensely heated subterranean waters. The eye of the tourist is arrested, delighted and startled in turn by grand mountains flecked with perpetual snow, and radiant with strange varieties of color ; lovely lakes ; roaring torrents, the greenest of green and the bluest of blue; towering precipices, immense gulches and cañons, cliffs of volcanic glass, mighty cataracts, verdant valleys, seething pots of many-colored mud; boiling springs—many hundreds of them—of every conceivable variety, some of them large, steaming lakes of wondrously transparent depth, and of indescribable richness of coloring, emerald, turquoise, topaz, prismatic ; appalling caldrons, roaring steam vents ; above all, genuine geysers of every size, form, and period of eruption, including much the largest known in any land.

* * * * * * * * * *

"By far the largest collection of geysers is in the Upper Geyser Basin, fifty miles south from the Mammoth Hot Spring. Here, in a narrow valley two miles long, are geysers far surpassing in number and in size those of Iceland, New Zealand, or any other part of the world. Some of their names are very suggestive : Old Faithful, the Bee Hive, Castle, Splendid, Grand, Giantess, Giant, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, the Saw Mill, Comet, Riverside, Fan. Some of them have built up sloping mounds covering many acres, and capped with cones from four to twenty feet high. Their periods of eruption vary from a few seconds to fifteen days or longer ; their height, from a few yards to 300 feet ; their volume, from an amusing spray to an awful flood. Some are steaming, sizzling, boiling, roaring or groaning constantly ; others, entirely quiet until just before eruption. The first large geyser I saw in action was Old Faithful ; and as its stately column rose to a height of 150 feet, this deep impression thrilled me : 'Great and marvelous

are thy works, O Lord God Almighty!' For two days, whenever I sat at my tent door, the same august spectacle greeted me, at intervals ranging from forty to seventy-five minutes, with an ever-heightening impression. Majestically beautiful art thou, Old Faithful! Thou shalt ever keep thy place in the picture gallery of my memory beside Jungfrau, Lake George and the Milan Cathedral."

President Arthur, after his trip to the National Park, in 1883, said: "The scenery of the National Park seemed to me simply magnificent. The Catskills are wild enough and sufficiently beautiful in their own way, but they fall far short of that majestic grandeur which so pre-eminently characterizes the Yellowstone Park—the vast spurs of the Rocky Mountains traversed by the Yellowstone at an elevation of not less than 8,000 feet."

Said a distinguished member of the royal household of Denmark, who made a tour of the Yellowstone National Park in June, 1882: "I am expected to deliver a lecture on America before a geographical congress to be held in Europe this fall, but I fear it will be all 'Yellowstone.' All the other leading features of my trip around the world seem for the present in a grand confusion, while I am so possessed with this one ineffable attraction."

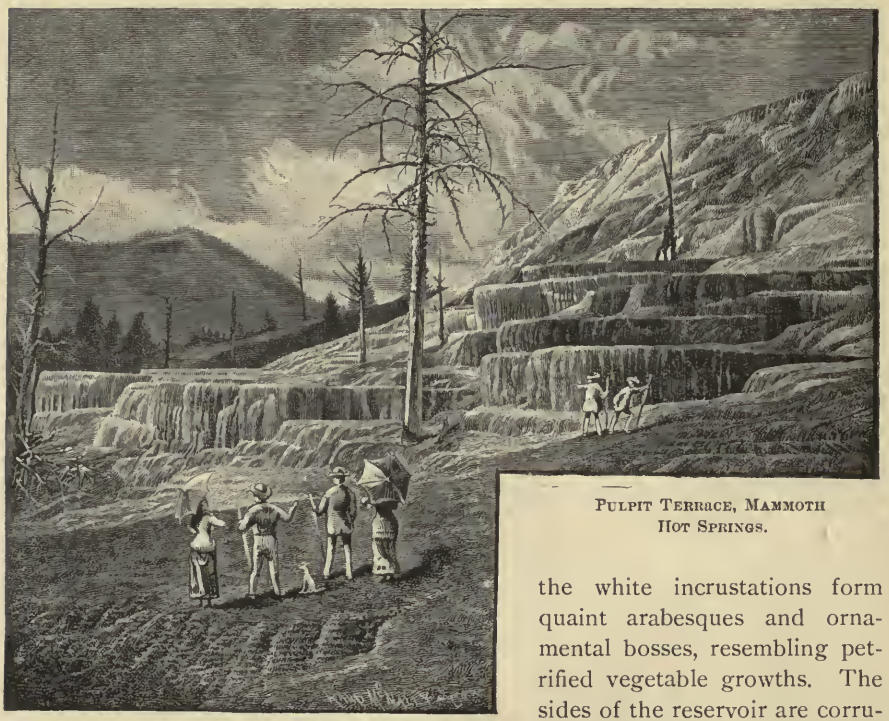
Who has not heard of, and what lover of the stage has not seen, the popular, genial tragedian, John McCullough? Listen to this great actor while he speaks of his visit to the National Park:

"It was the pleasantest five weeks of my life, this last vacation. I debated whether I should go with Sheridan or to Europe. I am exceedingly glad I stayed in America. It is the grandest country, spectacularly, God Almighty has made. Shakespeare's dictum, 'Nature is greater than art,' is here verified again and again. I confess I was skeptical; I read the most exaggerated (as I then thought) accounts of the Park and its wonders, and was as heretical as could be: the half was not told. The half? Not the thousandth part; nor can it be. Pages of description are all too faint, though the strongest superlatives in the language are used unstintedly. Why! to sit on the edge of Hell's Half Acre and watch the Sheridan geyser, is to have a lifetime memory. It is twice as big as this hotel (the Metropolitan), and the steam and water ascend to a height of 400 feet. It is indescribably grand to watch it first sending up a cloud of steam, then water, higher and higher, until the stupendous magnitude of a full eruption is reached. * * * The Grand Cañon is a marvel of the world, and the falls—why! what is Niagara to them? When I tell you that a vast body of water leaps down a precipice 350 feet high, you can gather a faint idea of what it is. I could go on for hours telling of the wonders!"

Of the beauties of the Lower Geyser Basin, which extends southward from the junction of the east fork of the Firehole river with the main stream, Professor R. W. Raymond says:

"In some of the elements of beauty and interest, the Lower Geyser Basin is superior to its more startling rival. It is broader and more easily surveyed as a whole, and its springs are more numerous, though not so powerful. Nothing can be lovelier than the sight, at sunrise, of the white steam columns, tinged

with rosy morning, ascending against the background of the dark pine woods and the clear sky above. The variety in form and character of these springs is quite remarkable. A few of them make faint deposits of sulphur, though the greater number appear to be purely silicious. One very large basin (forty by sixty feet) is filled with the most beautiful slime, varying in tint from white to pink, which blobs and spits away, trying to boil, like a heavy theologian forcing a laugh to please a friend, in spite of his natural specific gravity. * * * * The extinct geysers are the most beautiful objects of all. Around their borders



PULPIT TERRACE, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

the white incrustations form quaint arabesques and ornamental bosses, resembling petrified vegetable growths. The sides of the reservoir are corrugated and indented fancifully, like the recesses and branching passages of a fairy cavern. The water is brightly but not deeply blue. Over its surface curls a light vapor; through its crystal clearness one may gaze, apparently, to unfathomable depths; and, seen through this wondrous medium, the white walls seem like silver, ribbed and crusted with pearl. When the sun strikes across the scene, the last touch of unexpected beauty is added. The projected shadow of the decorated edge reveals by contrast new glories in the depths; every ripple on the surface makes marvelous play of tint and shade on the pearly bottom. One half expects to see a lovely naiad emerge with floating grace from her fantastically carven covert, and gaily kiss her snowy hand through the blue wave. In one of these *laugs* the

whitened skeleton of a mountain buffalo was discovered. By whatever accident he met his fate there, no king or saint was ever more magnificently entombed. Not the shrine of St. Anthony of Padua, with its white marbles and its silver lamps, is so resplendent as this sepulchre in the wilderness."

Of the Lower Falls and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, in a magnificent piece of descriptive writing, worthy of his subject, says :

"Well, we nave reached Cascade Creek at last; and a beautiful grove of trees, beneath whose shade sparkles a clear stream, whose waters are free from the nauseous taste of alkali, furnishes a delightful place in which to camp. Now—dismounting, and seeing that your horse is well cared for, while the men are unloading the pack-mules and pitching the tents—walk up that trail winding up that hillside; follow it for a little among the solemn pines, and then pass out from the tree shadows, and take your stand upon that jutting rock—clinging to it well meanwhile, and being very sure of your footing, for your head will surely grow dizzy—and there opens before you one of the most stupendous scenes of nature—THE LOWER FALLS AND THE AWFUL CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

"And now, where shall I begin, and how shall I, in any wise, describe this tremendous sight—its overpowering grandeur, and, at the same time, its inexpressible beauty?

"Look yonder—those are the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. They are not the grandest in the world, but there are none more beautiful. There is not the breadth and dash of Niagara, nor is there the enormous depth of leap of some of the waterfalls of the Yosemite. But here is majesty of its own kind, and beauty, too. On either side are vast pinnacles of sculptured rock. There, where the rock opens for the river, its waters are compressed from a width of 200 feet between the Upper and Lower Falls to 100 feet where it takes the plunge. The shelf of rock over which it leaps is absolutely level. The water seems to wait a moment on its verge; then it passes with a single bound of 300 feet into the gorge below. It is a sheer, unbroken, compact, shining mass of silver foam. But your eyes are all the time distracted from the fall itself, great and beautiful as it is, to its marvelous setting—to the surprising, overmastering cañon into which the river leaps and through which it flows, dwindling to but a foamy ribbon there in its appalling depths. As you cling here to this jutting rock the falls are already many hundred feet below you. The falls unroll their whiteness down amid the cañon glooms. * * * These rocky sides are almost perpendicular—indeed, in many places the boiling springs have gouged them out so as to leave overhanging cliffs and tables at the top. Take a stone and throw it over—you must wait long before you hear it strike. Nothing more awful have I ever seen than the yawning of that chasm. And the stillness, solemn as midnight, profound as death! The water dashing there, as in a kind of agony, against those rocks, you can not hear. The mighty distance lays the finger of its silence on its white lips. You are oppressed with a sense of danger. It is as though the vastness would soon force you from the rock to which you cling. The silence, the

sheer depth, the gloom, burden you. It is a relief to feel the firm earth beneath your feet again, as you carefully crawl back from your perching place.

"But this is not all, nor is the half yet told. As soon as you can stand it, go out on that jutting rock again and mark the sculpturing of God upon those vast and solemn walls. By dash of wind and wave, by forces of the frost, by file of snow plunge and glacier and mountain torrent, by the hot breath of boiling springs, those walls have been cut into the most various and surprising shapes. I have seen the middle-age castles along the Rhine: but those castles are reproduced exactly. I have seen the soaring summits of the great cathedral spires in the country beyond the sea: there they stand in prototype, only loftier and sublimer.

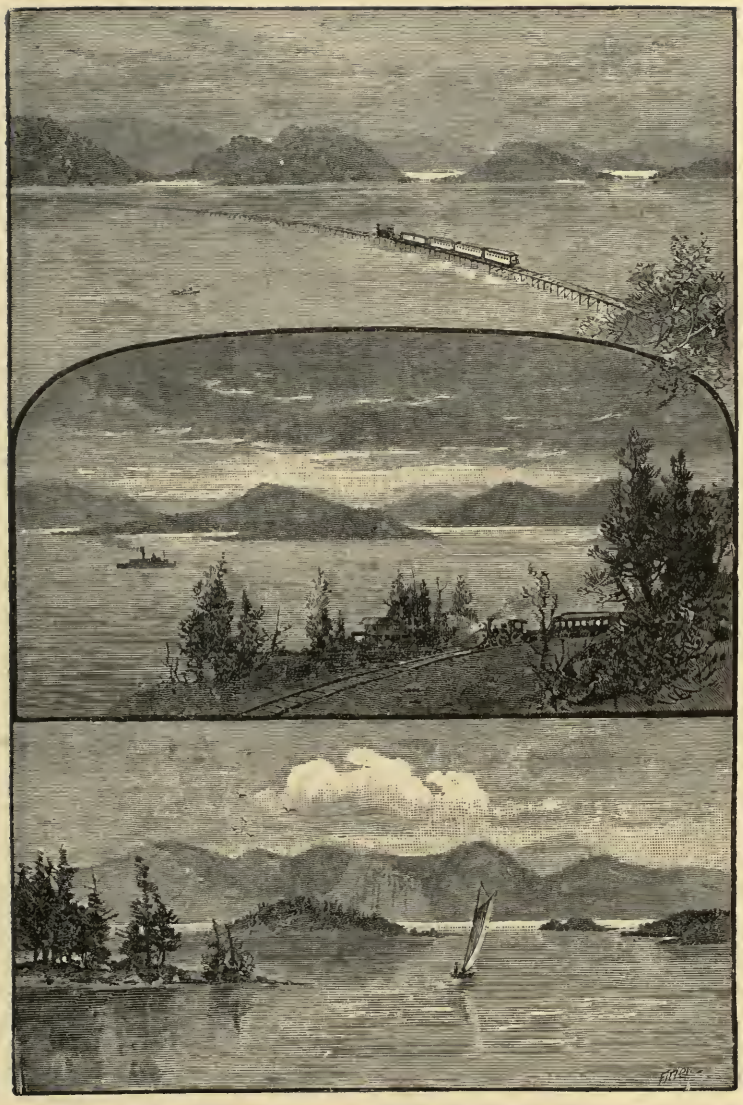
"And then, of course, and almost beyond all else, you are fascinated by the magnificence and utter opulence of color. Those are not simply gray and hoary depths and reaches and domes and pinnacles of sullen rock. The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. The underlying color is the clearest yellow; this flushes onward into orange. Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid green; browns, sweet and soft, do their blending; white rocks stand spectral; turrets of rock shoot up as crimson as though they were drenched through with blood. It is a wilderness of color. It is impossible that even the pencil of an artist can tell it. What you would call, accustomed to the softer tints of nature, a great exaggeration, would be the utmost tameness compared with the reality. It is as though the most glorious sunset you ever saw had been caught and held upon that resplendent, awful gorge.

"Through nearly all the hours of that afternoon until the sunset shadows came, and afterward, amid the moonbeams, I waited there, clinging to that rock, jutting out into that overpowering, gorgeous chasm. I was appalled and fascinated; afraid, and yet compelled to cling there. It was an epoch in my life."

Hotel Accommodations in the Park.

At Mammoth Hot Springs—of which mention has already been made—a large and commodious hotel, which would do credit to Long Branch, has been built, having capacity for 400 guests. It is handsomely furnished throughout, and has all the modern improvements of hot and cold water, gas, etc., etc. Other hotels are being erected at different points in the Park.

It will be the aim of the parties controlling the stage routes, hotels and other appurtenances of the Park, to make charges reasonable for services performed, and assurances are given that no imposition will be permitted; on the contrary, everything will be done to make a visit to the Park one of pleasure, profit and economy. The management fully appreciate the fact that the Yellowstone National Park is the finest pleasure resort on the continent,—indeed, it may be said, in the world; and every effort will be made to make visitors welcome, and to give them a full equivalent for their expenditure.



LAKE PEND D'OREILLE, IDAHO. *See page* 42.

saddle-horses, guides and attendants, thus enabling them to make a complete tour of the Park with comparative comfort.

It is well to be provided with an extra overcoat, a gum rubber coat, as a protection against storms, and warm underclothing and outer garments; colored glasses, as the sun is very blinding during the middle of the day; and to avoid drinking much water.

Should visitors desire to extend their tour through the Park, and visit the Great Yellowstone Lake and Mount Washburn, arrangements can be made with parties having charge of the stage routes, at Mammoth Hot Springs.

Westward Still.

Although we have now visited what we have several times referred to as the greatest of all natural wonders, we are far from having explored the whole of our Wonderland. A thousand miles of railway still lie before us, a railway which, after scaling the dizzy heights and threading its way through the lonely passes of the Rocky Mountains, will conduct us through the most magnificent river scenery in the world, and bring us at last to the far-famed glaciers of Mount Tacoma. Surely the passion for sight-seeing grows with what it feeds upon; for, so long as such a tour as this is not unduly hurried, and does not involve any sacrifice of personal comfort, it really seems as though it may be extended to almost any length.

After leaving Livingston the railroad runs for twelve miles from the valley of the Yellowstone to the approach of the Bozeman tunnel, on a grade of about 116 feet to the mile. The tunnel pierces the mountains a distance of 3,610 feet, at an elevation of 5,565 feet above the ocean. Some months before the completion of the work a short, steep-grade track was laid over the summit of the pass for temporary use. It is far more agreeable to ride over the mountain than through it, and there are glorious views in every direction. The train runs down the western slope in the wild defile of Rock Cañon, passing out into the broad, fertile valley of the West Gallatin, at Elliston, near the military post of Fort Ellis, twenty-two miles from Livingston.

A few minutes more and we run into Bozeman, one of the oldest towns in Montana. This place was laid out long before any active operations were commenced in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and it has grown to considerable size and importance. It seems not a little strange in these days of railroads to read that, when the first train arrived in Bozeman, there were people, not savages, but well educated and refined, who turned out to look at a railway train for the first time. Bozeman is situated near the eastern end of the Gallatin valley. North of the city the mountains are about three miles distant, but the range suddenly diverges in the same direction, and afterward the valley becomes twenty miles in width. The city presents a very attractive appearance, with its many substantial brick structures, among which are business blocks, churches, graded schools, and a fine court-house, while on every side appear handsome residences and neat, cozy cottages. The scenery surrounding Bozeman

broad valley can be seen, with its fields of grain, its swift streams, its irrigating ditches glistening in the sunlight like silver ribbons, its cozy little farm houses, and its encircling rim of gray mountains crowned with snow.

After leaving Bozeman the road continues westward for thirty miles through the beautiful Gallatin valley. There are many farms, but no large villages, on this part of the route. The junction of the Gallatin, the Madison and the Jefferson rivers is effected at Gallatin City. Here the three minor streams are merged into the Missouri, which flows northward 150 miles to Fort Benton, passing on its course through several grand cañons, whose walls rise from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the river. At Fort Benton the Missouri turns eastward and southward, uniting with the Mississippi more than 3,000 miles from its point of beginning in the Gallatin valley. For all this distance the Missouri is navigable by steamboats of at least 200 tons burden, except for eighteen miles at the Great Falls above Fort Benton. Many people visit these falls in small boats, which leave the Helena landing. Within a distance of ten miles above the Great Falls are ten others, varying in height from three to forty-seven feet, three of which, viz., the Black Eagle, Rainbow and Crooked Falls, can scarcely be surpassed for perfection of form and graceful beauty.

In the large and fertile valley of the Missouri, fifty-nine miles from Bozeman, has recently sprung up a town which will become the distributing point for a large and fruitful section of country. The name of Townsend has been given to it; and it is the nearest station to the celebrated White Sulphur Springs, at the head of Smith river, which are a favorite summer resort, and also for many remarkable places of picturesque beauty in the mountains.

Across the Missouri valley, in a northeasterly direction, a series of deep gorges, or cañons, has been cut by the waters in the faces of the precipitous mountains. Crowning the summits of the first range skirting the valley is a gigantic ledge of lime rock. This ledge has been thrown up in places to a great height, with almost vertical sides, which are partly smooth, partly seamed and gashed by ages of storms, and sometimes cut through from top to bottom by the streams, forming narrow gorges of fantastic shapes. Avalanche Cañon is of great note for its wild beauty and extensive and rich placer mines. This cañon received its name from the frequency of avalanches, or snow slides, which rush down its almost perpendicular sides in winter, sometimes completely filling the gorge. Hell Gate Cañon, about two miles westward, while having a peculiarly suggestive name, amply merits the appellation. Perhaps in no other accessible spot in Montana is there as much rugged beauty in so small a place. The cañon forms the tortuous passage of a silvery stream through a series of gates cut in very high walls. These gates are so narrow that a man can span their width with extended arms. The walls are only a few feet in thickness, but of a surprising height. On each side of the main gorge are smooth fissures, called Devil's Slides, and every nook is filled with bright mosses and lichens.

MOUNT HOOD—FROM THE HEAD OF THE DALLES, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

Two miles beyond the crossing of the Missouri river the railroad passes through the mining town of Bedford, which was established in 1864. Much placer mining is still carried on in the vicinity, and the country for miles and miles around is covered with enormous piles of stones and earth, and the *débris* of the diggings. The road follows down the valley of the Missouri, past one or two old and thrifty settlements, to Helena, twenty miles beyond.

Helena, the capital of Montana, is situated at the eastern foot of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, on both sides of the famous Last Chance gulch, from which at least $10,000,000 worth of nuggets and gold dust have been taken, and which still yields annually a considerable amount of the precious metal. Its situation, as the nearest point in the mining region to the head of navigation on the Missouri river at Fort Benton, made Helena a distributing centre in the days when merchants brought in a year's supply of goods during the brief season of navigation. It thus got a start as the chief commercial town of the Territory, the advantage of which it is not likely to lose.

Helena is surrounded by mountains, rising one above the other until the more distant are lost among the clouds, forming a view of striking beauty and grandeur, which is visible from every part of the city. To the south and west these mountains recede, in long, picturesque, timbered ridges, to the main ridge of the continental divide. The Missouri river is only twelve miles distant; and eighteen miles north of the city begins the famous cañon of the Missouri river, named by Lewis and Clarke's expedition, in 1805, "The Gates of the Rocky Mountains." Here the river has forced its way through a spur of the Belt Mountains, forming cliffs, frequently vertical, from 500 to 1,500 feet high, which rise from the water's edge for a distance of twelve miles. Near the lower end of this wonderful cañon, in plain view of Helena, thirty miles distant, is the jagged peak called by the Indians "The Bear's Tooth," rising abruptly from the river to a height of 2,500 feet, and almost hanging over the head of the voyager as he floats down the stream.

To the left of this curious object a few miles, and breaking through the same range of stratified mountains, is the cañon of the Little Prickly Pear creek, a chasm some fifteen miles long, with an endless variety of views of lofty cliffs crowned with pines, and romantic dells and gorges, where the cottonwood and the alder hang over deep, shady pools, in which hundreds of trout await their destiny in the shape of a man with a bamboo rod and book of flies. This cañon, with hotel accommodation at each end of it, is accessible by carriages, as well as by a stage line of "palace jerkies," which pass through it three times a week for Fort Benton. "The Gates of the Rocky Mountains" are reached either by carriages to the upper end of the cañon, or by boat through the cañon itself.

Among the other attractions of Helena are the Hot Springs, situated in a romantic glen four miles west of the city, which are much resorted to by persons afflicted with rheumatism. The temperature of the water as it bubbles up from the earth varies from 110° to 140° Fahrenheit.

By no means pleasing to the eye, with its scrambling, shadeless streets cling-

its Chinese suburb, Helena is, nevertheless, an attractive place. It has good hotel accommodations, numerous churches, and stores as large and well stocked as are found in the East in cities ten times its size ; and visitors may enjoy the society of people who add to culture that stamp of originality of character so common in the Far West, and so rare in old communities. Small as is the city, it has a good deal of the metropolitan flavor, due to its comparative isolation in conjunction with its great local importance.

About nineteen miles from Helena the main range of the Rocky Mountains is crossed by the railroad at the Mullan Pass, so named after Lieutenant John Mullan, U. S. A., who, in 1867, built a wagon road from Fort Benton, M. T., to Fort Walla Walla, W. T., thus bringing these distant military posts into direct communication. Here there is a tunnel 3,850 feet in length, and 5,547 feet above sea level. The route from Helena to the Mullan Pass is through the charming valley of the Prickly Pear, across Ten Mile creek, and up past heavy growths of pine and spruce and masses of broken boulders, the narrow basin of Ten Mile creek, to the eastern portal of the tunnel. The scene from above reveals one of the most picturesque regions in Montana, in which mountain and valley, forest and stream, are all conspicuous features. Describing the region in a recent letter, Mr. E. V. Smalley wrote :

"Approached from the east, the Rocky Mountains seem well to deserve their name. Gigantic cliffs and buttresses of granite appear to bar the way, and to forbid the traveler's further progress. There are depressions in the range, however, where ravines run up the slopes, and torrents come leaping down, fed by melting snows. Over one of these depressions Lieut. John Mullan built a wagon road, a score of years ago, to serve the needs of army transportation between the head of navigation at the Great Falls of the Missouri and the posts in Oregon. Mullan's wisdom in selecting the pass which bears his name, was indorsed when the railroad engineers found it to be the most favorable on the Northern Pacific Line. The road is carried up ravines and across the face of foot-hills to a steep wall, where it dives into the mountain side, runs under the crest of the divide through a tunnel three-quarters of a mile long, and comes out upon smiling green and flowery meadows, to follow a clear trout stream down to a river whose waters seek the mighty Columbia. The contrast between the western and eastern sides of the main divide of the Rockies is remarkable. On the eastern slope the landscapes are magnificently savage and sombre ; on the western slope they have a pleasant pastoral beauty, and one might think himself in the hill country of Western Pennsylvania instead of high up on the side of the great water-shed of the continent. The forest tracts look like groves planted by a landscape gardener in some stately park, and the grassy slopes and valleys covered with blue and yellow flowers, and traversed by swift, clear brooks, add to the pleasure-ground appearance of the country. What a glorious place this would be for summer camping, trout fishing and shooting, is the thought of every traveler as he descends from the summit, with his hands full of flowers picked close to a snow-

Powell's Peak, a massive white pyramid, cuts the clear sky with its sharp outlines on the further horizon, and a cool breeze blows straight from the Pacific Ocean."

After leaving Garrison, fifty-two miles west of Helena, there are fine views of mountain scenery, especially on the left hand, where the snow-mantled peaks of Mount Powell appear. The railroad passes along near the Deer Lodge river, which skirts the heights to the right. The entire region is noted for the richness and extent of its placer mines, many of the creeks having produced large quantities of fine gold. Farther on, as we approach Missoula, Hell Gate Cañon is entered. The scenery here is very fine. Rock-ribbbed mountains rise on either hand, their slopes black with noble specimens of yellow pine, and flecked in autumn with the bright gold of giant tamaracks.

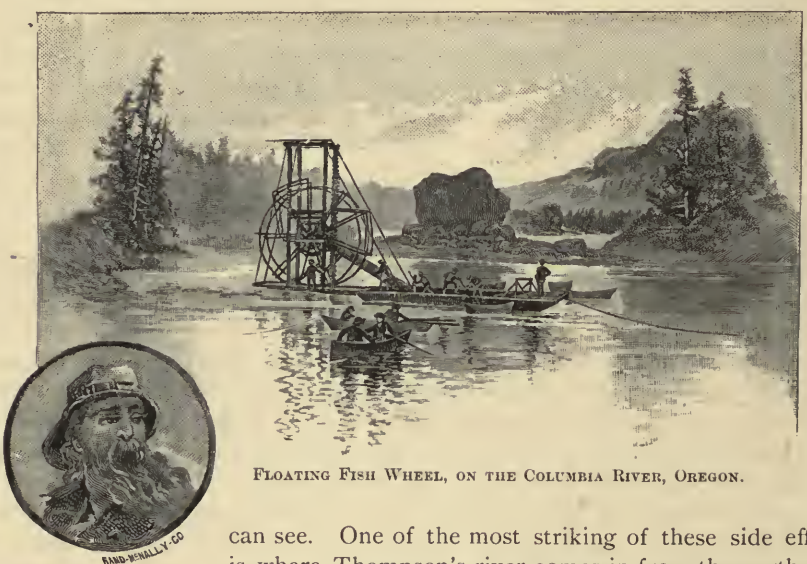
Beautifully situated at the western gateway of the Rocky Mountains, on a broad plateau on the north side of the Missoula river, stands Missoula, the county seat of Missoula county. It commands a lovely view of the valley and the surrounding mountain ranges, that stretch away far as the eye can see. This town used to be as isolated and remote a frontier post as could be found in the Northwest, but the railroad has converted it into a stirring, ambitious place.

From Missoula the course of the railroad is northwest for nearly 200 miles, and before it again turns south it approaches within about forty-five miles of the international boundary.

Fourteen miles from Missoula the road enters the Coriacan defile, and crosses the Marent gulch by means of a trestle bridge 866 feet in length and 226 feet in height, the construction of which required 1,000,000 feet of lumber. The track follows no valley, but proceeds along the faces of hills, which are covered with fir, pine and tamarack, down into the valley of the Jocko river, where the Agency of the Flathead Indians is established. This beautiful valley is followed to the confluence of the Jocko and Flathead rivers, forty-four miles from Missoula. To the north is the reservation of the Flathead Indians, in which is Flathead Lake, an extensive and beautiful sheet of water, in the midst of the most picturesque scenery. The Flatheads boast that their tribes never killed a white man, and it may truly be said that nowhere are life and property safer than they are here. The Flathead river, for twenty-five miles after it receives the waters of the Jocko, until it is itself united with the Missouri, is called the Pend d'Oreille river. Eight miles beyond the railroad crossing, the muddy waters of the Missoula, pouring in from the south, mix with the bright flood of the Pend d'Oreille, and the united streams take the designation Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. This name is retained, except where the river widens out into Lake Pend d'Oreille, 100 miles westward, until the waters mingle with those of the Columbia river, in the British Possessions.

Two small and charming valleys soon appear, to vary the fine mountain views. They are Paradise valley, which well deserves the name, and Horse

visible to the right, the railroad continues westward along the right bank of the river through a mountain region which affords a succession of magnificent views. Everywhere along Clarke's Fork there is the grandest scenery. Magnificent vistas are presented as the train moves along, changing and wearing new forms at every turn. The mountains are conical, and sometimes vertical, as where the river has cut through them with tremendous force. The constant succession of towering hills, grouped in wild array, is never wearying, and is sometimes startling in effect, as when some tributary from the north or south tears its way to the greater stream, and offers a vista, reaching far through the deep-worn cañon or ravine, along which the heights are ranged as far as eye



FLOATING FISH WHEEL, ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

can see. One of the most striking of these side effects is where Thompson's river comes in from the north, and you look up the long and sharp ravine to catch a momentary glimpse, from the trestle bridge, of the foaming waterfall and the heights that wall it in.

The whole of the Clarke's Fork district contains rich mineral deposits, and several mining camps have recently been established, from which the most encouraging reports have been received.

A few miles southeast of the point at which the river widens out into Lake Pend d'Oreille, the road enters the Territory of Idaho, and is soon skirting the shores of the beautiful and far-famed lake. This sheet of water may be likened to a broad and winding valley among the mountains, filled to the brim with gathered waters. The shores are mountainous, but wherever there is a bit of beach it is covered with dense forest. The view of the lake from the car windows is superb. Numerous mountain peaks slope up from the water's edge, covered with thick forests of dark pine, intermingled with patches

grouped with the finest and never becoming monotonous. Along the line the most permanent features of civilization are the saw mills, which, having supplied material for railroad construction, are now employed in manufacturing lumber for shipment. The forest is interminable, but where the mountains are abrupt the trees do not grow large enough and clear enough to make good lumber. One of the best places at which to lie over for a day's hunting or for catching some of the trout with which the lake abounds, is Sand Point. The great Pend d'Oreille forest, stretching across the northwest corner of Montana and the panhandle of Idaho into Eastern Washington, is one vast flower-garden, there being scarcely a square foot of the ground, save in the dark recesses along the courses of the small streams, which does not bear a blossom.

Leaving the lake, the railway takes a southwesterly sweep, and, nine miles beyond the town of Rathdrum, crosses the Idaho line and enters Washington Territory. One of the most singular districts of this country is the Spokane valley. It is thirty miles long and from three to six miles in width, surrounded by the western ranges of the Lower Cœur d'Alène or Bitter Root Mountains.

The Spokane river rises in Cœur d'Alène Lake, close under the timbered mountains in Idaho, about ten miles south of the railroad. While the rivers that drain the western water-shed of the Cœur d'Alène Mountains pour immense volumes of water into the lake, the Spokane river, the lake's only outlet, is but a brook in size, with no tributaries of importance. Still, thirty miles below the lake, it becomes a roaring cataract, at the town of Spokane Falls. The theory is advanced that the increased volume is due to the percolation of the upper waters through the gravelly soil. Lake Cœur d'Alène rivals in the beauty of its waters and the grandeur of its mountain surroundings its more accessible neighbor, Lake Pend d'Oreille. It is surrounded by a rich mining country.

The first point of importance in Washington Territory is Spokane Falls, which has, in some respects, a greater claim to consideration than any other place east of the Cascade Mountains. Its situation is very beautiful, looking out, as it does, upon the hills, with the grand roaring waterfall close at hand.

The falls, seen when melting snows swell the flow and the banks are brimming with the hurrying flood, are a sight never to be forgotten. Basaltic islands divide the broad river, and the waters rush in swift rapids to meet these obstructions. A public bridge crosses from island to island. The width of the river is nearly half a mile. There are three great streams curving toward each other, and pouring their floods into a common basin. Reunited, the waters foam and toss for a few hundred yards in whirling rapids, and then make another plunge into the cañon beyond. Standing on the rocky ledge below the second waterfall, and looking up the stream, a fine view is obtained of the wonderful display of force. All things else seem weak and trivial compared with the tremendous torrent that heaves and plunges below, and the grand cascades that foam and toss above.

Sixty-eight miles north of Spokane Falls is the Chewelah country, a region of extraordinary mineral wealth. Considerable quantities of gold have been brought thence by the Indians, who bear emphatic testimony to its abundance. Capitalists are already arranging to commence operations for the development of this rich country.

A few miles to the north of the road, almost equidistant between Spokane and Cheney, there is a group of five lakes, from one to three miles long. Three of these lakes, having great depth, are very strongly impregnated with alkaline salts, and their waters have remarkable curative properties. One in particular attracts hundreds of invalids, especially persons afflicted with rheumatism, skin diseases and nervous complaints. Many undoubted cures of a remarkable nature are recorded. This medical lake, *par excellence*, has a medium strength of salts, while another has a very strong impregnation, and the third but a mild one. The region is delightful, and can be made a very pleasant resort. The proprietors of the town—Medical Lake—are doing what they can to accommodate the public by building hotels and erecting bathing establishments.

Not until the Columbia river is reached, 165 miles southwest of the Idaho line, does the country present any further features upon which we need dwell; but in the land—

"Where rolls the Oregon,"

we are in a region of surpassing interest. As has well been said by a writer from whose graphic descriptions of Northwestern scenery we have already quoted:

"There are few points on the American continent that can rival Oregon for grand and imposing scenery. The lofty peak of Mount Hood, like a magnified Egyptian pyramid, sheeted in snow, and set upon an immense green wall, is the most beautiful mountain of the whole Pacific coast, if symmetry of form be regarded as the first element in beauty, and in height and massiveness it is surpassed only by Mount Tacoma. The great Sugar Loaf of Mount St. Helens, though on the Washington side of the Columbia, belongs to the scenery of Oregon as well as to that of the neighboring Territory, and so does Mount Adams. All three of these glittering peaks, as well as the summit of Tacoma, far in the north, and of Jefferson on the southern horizon, can be seen from the hills back of Portland. The lower peaks and ranges of the Coast and Cascade Mountains, and of the Calapovia and Siskiyou Mountains in Southern Oregon, present to the eye a thousand pleasing outlines.

"In the grandeur of its shores the Columbia ranks first of American rivers. Its current is as impetuous as that of the Mississippi; its mountain walls and palisades are far loftier than those of the Hudson; cataracts like those of the Yosemite valley dash over its basaltic cliffs. At the Dalles it buries itself in a profound crevice, whose depth has never been fathomed, showing of its surface only as much as can be compassed by a stone's throw; at Astoria it becomes a broad tidal estuary, whose farther shores lie in dim distance; at the Cascades it is a foaming, headlong torrent; at the mouth of the Willamette it is a placid lake, encircling many green islands. The Willamette has an emerald-green cur-

rent, and flows between gentle slopes, through farms and woodland, past orchards and pretty villages—a placid and idyllic stream, save where it leaps down forty feet in one bound at its falls, and makes a small Niagara of white foam and rainbow-tinted spray. Indeed, to briefly catalogue half the special scenic features of Oregon would demand a great deal more space than this chapter affords. Enough to say that the State has all the grandeur and loveliness in landscapes that mountains, rivers, valleys, waterfalls, lakes and the ocean can give, and that tourists will find within its bounds, and those of its neighbor, Washington, a combination of Switzerland and Maine, of Italy and Norway."

At Ainsworth the train crosses the Snake river, near its confluence with the Columbia, by a massive iron bridge, 1,541 feet in length—next to the Bismarck bridge over the Missouri river the most important structure of the kind on the entire Northern Pacific system—and enters the Walla Walla country, a magnificent farming belt, of amazing fertility. Throughout its entire extent of 12,000 square miles or more, there is scarcely an acre of waste land, and the harvests of fruit and grain yielded by its uniformly productive soil are enormous.

Some 200 miles to the southeast, midway between the Blue Mountains and Snake river, lies the old town of Baker City, a business point of considerable importance, commanding the trade of a wide section of Eastern and Southeastern Oregon. The locality is rich in minerals; and gold mining, both placer and quartz, is being successfully carried on. Baker City is reached by a branch diverging from the main line at Umatilla Junction, forty-one miles west, or, more strictly, southwest, of Ainsworth. Thirteen miles on the Portland side of Ainsworth there is, however, a still more important junction—Wallula—the eastern terminus of the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad, running northwest to Puget Sound. This section, the only portion of the original project not yet brought to completion, is being rapidly pushed on with from both ends, and another year will see it open for traffic. In addition to rendering accessible some of the finest scenery of the majestic Cascade Range, and promoting the settlement and development of a tract of country of surpassing fertility, this line will shorten the distance from all eastern points to the finest harbor on the Pacific coast by nearly 150 miles.

For upward of 200 miles we now follow the windings of the Columbia river—the peerless Columbia. For some distance the shores of the river are low, and the surrounding country is level and uninteresting; but, that region passed, the lordly stream flows through deep-cut banks, hundreds of feet in height. At the mouth of the John Day river the scenery increases in rugged grandeur, and the rapids in the river render navigation somewhat difficult. Near this point is a remarkable lava bed, over and through which the railroad passes. The space between the river and the bluffs is narrow, and is filled with black incrustations of lava, affording a glimpse of a region in appearance veritably infernal. It is pleasant to know that on the heights above us are waving fields of grain, and that a little way up the John Day river is an orchard, with thousands of fruit-bearing trees.

MULTNOMAH FALLS—COLUMBIA RIVER.

famous Yakima valley, where hop growing is now being carried on with great success. The Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad was recently completed to Yakima City. The facilities for transportation thus afforded will doubtless give a great impetus to the development of the country.

Celilo, 127 miles from Ainsworth, means "The Place of the Winds." The hills on the Washington side rise steep and frowning, and on the Oregon shore the shifting sands are driven by the unceasing winds. For hundreds of miles above this point the river is navigable ; but for the next thirteen miles navigation is beset with difficulties that are seldom faced—only, in fact, when it becomes necessary to transfer a steamer from the upper to the middle river, or *vice versâ.* When the melting snows have swollen the Columbia to its fullest flow, and the waters boil so far above the rocks as to make the passage possible, a cool nerve and consummate skill will carry a steamboat through in safety.

Soon after leaving Celilo the classic regions of the great river are approached. If it is early summer, the hills to the north have not entirely thrown off their tinge of silver gray, given by the waving bunch grass. Later, after the grass has matured, these great hills, as well as the plains, turn to tints of golden brown. A short distance below Celilo the track curves around a steep basaltic cliff that overlooks the river, and bears the name of Cape Horn. Early travelers were not apt at names, and too often attached commonplace appellations to grand objects that deserve respectful treatment. This Cape Horn has no distinctive name, because there is another and grander Cape Horn on the river below.

If it is early summer, and the Columbia is at flood, there will be seen below Celilo the Little Dalles of the river, a spot where the fall is enough to create foaming rapids for half a mile or more, as the pent-up water rushes between the lava walls. The Little Dalles, however fine in itself, is rendered almost insignificant by comparison with the Great Dalles, six or eight miles below.

On the Washington side is a picturesque Indian village, where, in the season, the red-skins may be seen catching salmon, which they dry for winter food.

We are now drawing near the Great Dalles of the Columbia. When the river is low, this spot would not strike an unobservant stranger.

It is, however, at all times one that will abundantly repay a careful examination. During the dry season the mighty Columbia shrinks to little over sixty yards in width, and you can wander over the rocky channel for a considerable distance. The roaring, boiling flood that rushes furiously along and hurls itself impetuously against the huge rocks which bar its progress, is, however, absolutely fathomless. For more than two miles the waters seethe and foam in their narrow, tortuous course, between the black and rock-bound shores. When the visitor looks up from the wild and narrow scene to take in a wider field of vision, he gazes upon a scene of grandeur and majesty that overawes while it impresses him.

To the west lies Dalles City, with its background of near hills and distant

mountains. Towering above all, in regal splendor, is the queenly Mount Hood, whose majestic form, grand and imposing, yet having nothing of the stern and forbidding aspect of so many other famous mountains, enraptures every beholder, and leaves an impression on both heart and mind that no traveler would willingly let die.

From Dalles City westward the train follows the river's edge, the scenery growing in beauty and interest with every mile. Soon after entering the mountains we find pines and firs scattered on the hillsides. Here and there they become more or less dense. Presently we come upon the Upper Cascades, amid scenery of the most charming character. We pass many lovely waterfalls, which pour over the cliffs so near that you are startled with the sound of plashing waters. It is hard to say whether the configuration of the country, as seen to-day, owes more to those mighty convulsions which have assuredly taken place in the past, or to the slower, but not less effectual, processes of nature which are still going on. It is stated that a narrow-gauge road, laid down during the early days of railroad construction, was once found twisted out of line as much as ten feet by the movement of the mountain at the foot of which it ran. The Cascades are near the centre of the range. Majestic mountains stand around like walls of adamant, with rocky pinnacles of fantastic form. At the Lower Cascades the United States Government is building an extensive system of locks, for the construction of which the sum of $3,000,000 has been appropriated.

One great advantage of the westward journey is that the scenery increases in beauty and sublimity the farther we travel, the most magnificent stretch of all being entered upon after leaving Bonneville. Every moment reveals something to interest and attract. Attention is demanded in every direction, as new objects are revealed in an unceasing panorama. There are terraced heights, abrupt cliffs, crags of curious shapes, and mountain upon mountain, sometimes standing as a wall, then grouped like an amphitheatre, at other times assuming grotesque and romantic shapes, and ever and anon affording glimpses of enchanting waterfalls. Oneonta Falls, 800 feet in height, are like a silver ribbon waving in the wind. The water at Multnomah Falls makes a plunge of several hundred feet, and then gathers itself together for a further leap that makes 800 feet in all. Anything more beautiful in scenery of this description is not to be found in the world. There are other never-failing cascades of less note, and in early spring the face of the cliffs glistens with them.

A few miles more and we come to the Pillars of Hercules, between which the railroad passes as through a colossal portal to the more open lands beyond. The huge dimensions of these towering rocks excite the greatest astonishment and admiration. We think, with a gifted writer:

"How God's hand built them—not in a manner of slow-mounting masonry, gaining adventurously and toilsomely, foot by foot, and pushing its scaffolding ever higher to keep command of the work, and straining its energy to raising aloft the chiseled and ponderous blocks to their place—but with one lift, without break or course, or any gradations of rising completeness, the Supreme Builder

"THE TACOMA"
TACOMA. W. T.
W. D. Tyler, Manager.
Terminus Northern Pacific R. R.

set the domed mountains in their place—foundation, wall, and top stone—one sublime integral whole, unprofaned by craftsman's tools, untrod by foot of man."

Near by is Rooster Rock, rising out of the river, and pointing upward like a mighty index finger. Here the railroad leaves the river, and, proceeding directly west, soon reaches the great city of Portland, finely situated on the west side of the Willamette river, twelve miles above its confluence with the Columbia. Fourteen years ago Portland contained a population of 1,103. By 1880 the construction of the western section of the Northern Pacific Railroad and the approaching completion of the great trans-continental system had so stimulated the growth of the city that its population numbered 23,000.

Its rate of increase is so rapid that any estimate of its population that does not largely outrun its growth is soon left far behind. Perhaps, therefore, the most satisfactory course is to state that at the end of 1884 its inhabitants approached, if they did not actually number, 40,000. But what of its commercial interests? Were it an Eastern city, these might be unimportant; but in his long journey of 2,320 miles—even if he has come no farther than from Chicago—the traveler has learned that the relations between population and commercial importance are altogether unlike what he has been accustomed to in the East. For truly, Chicago is a long way east. In the towns of Dakota and Montana you often hear that such and such a one has "gone East"; and when visions of your own New England home rise up before you and you venture to inquire to what part, you are probably told St. Paul or Minneapolis. But with regard to the commercial interests of Portland. Limited formerly to the surplus grain raised by a small settlement in the Willamette valley, and accepted by its "merchants" in exchange for clothing and implements, its trade now requires a large fleet of ocean steamships, and great cargoes of grain and canned salmon leave the Columbia river for foreign ports. The canning industry has witnessed an astonishing development within a very few years, the product of the Columbia river fisheries having, in 1883, reached 620,438 cases, representing a value of two and three-fourths millions of dollars. Between Astoria and the Cascades there are something like fifty canneries, and the shoals of fish with which the river abounds are captured and converted into "canned salmon" as systematically and expeditiously as hog is translated into pork at the stock yards and packing houses of Chicago. An ingenious contrivance, known as the salmon wheel boat, or floating fish wheel, by means of which the fish are literally scooped up out of the water in shoals, plays an important part in this great industry.

The industries of the country tributary to Portland are as diversified as are its surface, soil and climate. In addition to its abundant crops of grain and its practically inexhaustible fisheries, it has a wool clip of great annual value, the Yamhill country being almost entirely given up to sheep farming, and producing an exceedingly fine grade of wool.

Although one hundred miles from the coast, Portland, like London, Antwerp and Rotterdam, is, as has already been implied, virtually a seaport, and its

growth and progress are based upon the solid foundations of its natural advantages. As a city, it may be remarked that it has nothing crude or new in its appearance, and no feature of agreeable town life is wanting. It is a novel experience to stand in the primeval forest which hugs the city closely on all sides and look down upon the bustling activity of trade and pleasure. Here are the tall pines and the dark thicket—there the masts, the smoky chimneys, the dusty streets, while far away the lofty peaks of snow-clad mountains pierce the blue vault of heaven, and glisten in the sunlight like crystals and gems. Five of the grandest mountains in the world are visible from here: Mount Hood and Mount Jefferson to the south; Mount Adams, Mount St. Helens and Mount Tacoma (the Mount Ranier of the maps) to the north.

If it is convenient to take a trip down the river to Astoria, a town near the mouth of the river, founded by the trading expedition sent out by John Jacob Astor, in 1810, it will be found to be a most delightful excursion, affording an opportunity of observing the progress Portland is making in its manufacturing and other enterprises, and of seeing something of the busy commerce, as well as the scenery, of the Lower Columbia. While lacking the startling effects peculiar to the upper and middle river, the lower stretch of the Columbia is nevertheless very beautiful, with its wilderness of shores and islands, its occasional bluffs and cliffs often covered with heavy fir; its broad flood, sometimes widening to miles, and always spreading out in majestic volume. Enjoying all the comforts of first-class travel, the tourist reads his "Wonderland" and pencils his notes as the boat glides down the stream amid scenes of ever-varying beauty.

The business part of Astoria is built upon piles, and its residences climb the sides of the ridge which protects it from the southwest storms. Its broad bay is alive with shipping, from the river tug to the ocean steamer of 3,000 tons.

Lumbering is becoming an important industry here, but the great incentive to growth is the salmon trade and fisheries. There are upward of fifty great canning establishments, employing, during the fishing and packing season, thousands of men. The shores, for a long distance, are lined with these establishments, and they give the traveler a far better idea of the magnitude of the business to which they are devoted than any figures as to the number of cases or the value of the product. Various delightful excursions may be made in the vicinity of Astoria; among the attractions of the neighborhood being the remarkable waterfall on Young's river, and the bold headland that forms the cape north of the entrance to the bay. From the latter the view is very fine, the outlook showing a long sweep of ocean with the surf dancing on the winding shore-line to the north.

South of the bay, and directly facing the ocean, is Seaside House, which travelers seeking rest and quiet enjoyment after the exciting pleasures of their Wonderland tour, or as a prelude to those still to come, will find as admirably adapted to those ends as heart could wish or fancy picture.

We stated at the outset that Portland and Tacoma were to the western

gateway. Portland we have now visited; and Tacoma, on the far-famed Puget Sound, is but 143 miles distant. The Northern Pacific line from Portland follows for about eight miles the west shore of the Willamette river, and reaches the head of Sauvie's Island. Thence it continues down the west arm of the river to its confluence with the Columbia at St. Helen's. From Hunter's Point, thirty-eight miles from Portland, the train is conveyed across the river to Kalama by the finest transfer boat in the world, built expressly for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and constructed to carry no fewer than thirty cars at one time. From Kalama the track strikes almost directly northward for Puget Sound. The country through which it passes is well settled, and the farms give evidence of thrift and prosperity. But the attention of the tourist, as he travels onward in a luxurious Pullman car, is almost exclusively occupied with the magnificent peaks of the Cascade Range, whose forms of dazzling whiteness constitute, with their background of deepest blue and the sombre forests which clothe their base, a series of pictures of surpassing beauty. For more than a hundred miles after we leave Portland, there looms up behind us the imposing contour of Mount Hood; while to the east Mount St. Helens, on the nearer, and Mount Adams, on the farther, side of the Cascades, afford many fine views as the train pursues its way northward.

The latter, Mount Adams, is seen across the wooded valley of the Nisqually, its white mass in bold relief against the sky, its sides seamed in summer with outcropping rock ridges, the hollows between being filled with never-melting snows. After leaving Tenino, and at Yelm Prairie, fourteen miles beyond, there is a revelation of unsurpassed grandeur in the view of Mount Tacoma, the loftiest of all the snow mountains. As the train rushes onward, occasional breaks in the forest reveal this magnificent snow-clad peak. It is about forty miles distant, although it is so distinct that it appears much nearer.

A few miles more and we are looking over the waters of Puget Sound, that magnificent inland sea on the bosom of which all the navies of the world could ride in safety. The exact location of Tacoma, the terminus of the line, and, by the way, the first point on the Pacific Ocean touched by the Northern Pacific Railroad, is upon a high plateau on Admiralty Inlet, at the head of Commencement Bay. The city occupies a commanding position, and has an excellent harbor, capable of receiving the largest ocean-going vessels. Its commercial interests are considerable, and rapidly increasing in importance.

The excellence of the hotel accommodations at all the more important points along the Northern Pacific Railroad has frequently been a subject of remark in these pages. But while high praise has been bestowed, extravagant eulogy has been carefully avoided. To do the barest justice, however, to the hotel, The Tacoma, recently opened in this enterprising and prosperous city on Puget Sound, it must be compared—as well it may, without suffering from the comparison—with the most famous hotels of Chicago or New York.

The climate of this region in summer and in the fall is delightful, the

SITKA, ALASKA. *See page* 58.

combination of sea and mountain air producing a most invigorating atmosphere. Though somewhat humid in winter, it is so mild that roses, geraniums and other varieties of flowers bloom in the open air in the month of December. To the scenery it is impossible to do justice—an exquisitely beautiful combination of blue sky and bluer waters, and of the bright green of the grass and the darker color of the vast fir and cedar forests ; away to the left the bold, brown range of the Olympian Mountains ; on the right, seemingly not ten miles away, is Mount Tacoma, a mass of snow and ice, nearly 15,000 feet high, and red, pink, white or gray, according to the condition of the atmosphere and the position of the sun in the sky. In lines that will live as long as the English language itself, Byron pronounced Mont Blanc the monarch of mountains. But Byron never saw the matchless Tacoma. It, too, has its throne of rocks, its diadem of snow, and, though much less frequently than Mont Blanc, its robe of clouds, an adjunct of doubtful advantage except in the exigencies of versification. This great mountain, forty miles in circumference at its base, and with a superficial area of 1,600 miles, lifts its snowy head to a height of 14,444 feet. It towers like a huge colossus above the great Cascade Range, and can be seen standing out against the sky a hundred miles away. In all its history but two men have been known to reach its summit, and they were obliged to cut footsteps in the ice and frozen snow with their axes. But to a height of 11,000 feet its northern face is accessible to the most timid ; ladies, even, who can ride on horseback need not shrink from the ascent. This elevation commands a panoramic view of Puget Sound and of all the intervening country, the majestic Olympian and Cascade Ranges forming the background. At one's feet lie the great glaciers of the Puyallup, Carbon and White rivers, over whose edges the avalanche continually thunders.

Mount Tacoma has no fewer than fifteen glaciers, three of which have been made accessible to tourists. Their magnificence completely defies all power of language to describe ; and we are struck dumb with astonishment and awe as we gaze upon them, imbedded, as they are, in the mighty bosom of the mountain ; the stupendous sides of the cañons in which they lie forming alone one of the most awe-inspiring pictures upon which the eye of man ever rested. Comparing them with the glaciers of the Alps, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, says that the finest effects he ever saw, during a long tour through the mountains of Switzerland, fell far short of what is seen at Mount Tacoma.

For the benefit of tourists who desire to visit the glaciers, it may be stated that the best starting point is Tacoma. The manager of the Hotel Tacoma (a most magnificent hostelry, built by the Northern Pacific Railroad and Tacoma Land Company at a cost of $200,000), always has competent guides in his employ, and furnishes complete camping outfits for parties of all sizes. From Tacoma the railway is taken to Wilkeson, thirty-one miles distant, whence the remaining thirty miles to the mountain are traversed on horseback. The journey may be made in easy stages, as there are camps along the entire route. Adjacent to them, are the best trout streams in the Territory, affording to the angler rare

sport. As one nears the mountain, flower-bespangled meadows and lakes in extinct volcanic craters become frequent, relieving the monotony of the miles of otherwise unbroken forest through which the approach is made. Deer, bear, wolf and beaver, with that rarest of game, the Rocky Mountain goat, are all plentiful about the base of the mountain.

Had the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad only revealed and rendered accessible to the tourist the wonders which have been so inadequately described in these pages, it would have done more for that ubiquitous personage than any other single enterprise since the invention of the steam engine. It has, however, done much more; for it has brought within the limits of a summer vacation

The Land of the Midnight Sun.

It is to be presumed that those who have journeyed so far on this delightful excursion will want to extend their trip to Alaska; and, as this may now be done cheaply, comfortably, and in quick time, we shall ask them to accompany us thither.

Those of us who have to look back to our school days farther than some others remember the green-painted left-hand top corner of the continent that used to say "Russian America." None of us is so young or so ignorant as to have to be told how, in 1867, the United States purchased from the Russian government the territory in question. There, however, we may stop; for no writer can proceed to pay his readers the compliment of stating that to tell them anything about that country is unnecessary, seeing that little has been written about it, and still less read. It is, indeed, a great country, covering over 580,000 square miles, an area which considerably exceeds the areas of Great Britain, France and Germany combined. In other words, Alaska is more than ten times the size of the State of Illinois, or as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi river, and north of Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina. Its extreme length from east to west is 2,200 miles, and its breadth from north to south 1,400 miles. Its shore line, including the adjacent islands, measures 25,000 miles, or more than the circumference of the globe.

Alaska is not only "a great land"—for such is the etymology of its name—in its large area, but also in its natural phenomena.

Its mountain chain is the loftiest in North America, Mount St. Elias rising to 19,500 feet. It has its great rivers—the Yukon, navigable for 1,500 miles, being for a thousand miles of its course from one to five miles wide, and seventy miles across its five mouths. Its volcanic, glacial and geyser systems are probably the greatest in the world. Its forests are practically unlimited, its fisheries and its mineral wealth inexhaustible.

We have had many surprises in the course of our long tour through the northwestern portion of Uncle Sam's dominions. We are not going to crown them all by telling our fellow travelers, who are now ready to believe almost anything, that they can travel through Alaska in a Pullman car. That day has not yet come, and this generation will probably wait for it in vain. But if we can not do that,

GREEK CHURCH, SITKA. *See page* 59.

we can at least take a peep at one of the most interesting portions of that vast country. We can go upon an excursion of 2,000 miles that shall be one continued revelation of beauty and wonders, and which need not occupy more than twenty days.

Surrounded by the sublimest scenery in the world, we can walk the deck of a large and superbly equipped steamship, and never feel the wave of the open ocean, or experience the slightest sensation of sea-sickness, as we pursue our way through the marvelous archipelago of the North Pacific Ocean.

The Alaska steamers to and from Portland do not call at Tacoma, but connection is made with them at Victoria, B. C., between which port and Tacoma the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company has a regular service of first-class steamers. The latest additions to the company's fleet are the "Olympian" and "Alaskan," which are veritable floating palaces. Built of steel, and with engines that propel them at an average speed of seventeen miles an hour, they accomplish the distance between Tacoma and Victoria in eight hours. Each is constructed to carry 1,500 passengers, and in the completeness and magnificence of their appointments, and especially in the elegance and comfort of their sleeping accommodations, they are not surpassed by the most noted steamer on Long Island Sound, or the most luxurious Atlantic liner.

Steaming straight across the sound to Victoria, we are there reminded by the British flag that we are in the dominions of Her Britannic Majesty.

Victoria is delightfully situated at the southeastern extremity of Vancouver Island. With its multitudinous attractions of climate, charming scenery, beautiful drives, and rapidly increasing advantages of communication with the rest of the world, it bids fair to become one of the most attractive towns in the "Florida of the Northwest." The course of our vessel lies through Haro Strait, the Island of San Juan being to the right. As we pass through the narrows it is impossible to see whither the steamer is going, for its bow is apparently directed at a mountain. But presently, just as is so often the case on the Rhine, we see the way opening before us, and after two sharp turns we are steaming up the Straits of Georgia. On, straight on we go, leaving behind the snow-crowned Olympian Range, with the majestic summit of Mount Baker looming up against the blue sky, past Nanaimo, a coal-mining camp, with an old black fort which is fast decaying, and we are in Departure Bay. By this time we have become acquainted with our *compagnons du voyage*, and we promenade the deck with new-found friends, listening to the delightful strains of the ship's band, and looking over the blue waters at the dim outlines of the now distant mountains. Passing round the northern extremity of Vancouver Island, we enter the waters of Queen Charlotte's Sound, and soon come to Grenville Channel, where some of the finest scenery of the excursion awaits us. The mountains on both sides, rugged and grand, lift their snowy heads thousands of feet into the air; rocks rise abruptly from the water to a height of three or four thousand feet, and cascades—here delicate and ribbon-like, there foaming and impetuous—run down to the sea.

The first point in Alaska at which we shall touch will be Fort Wrangel, situated on the northwestern coast of Wrangel Island, near the mouth of the Stickeen river, a stream some 200 miles in length, having its source in British Columbia. During the period of the Cassair mining excitement in the Stickeen valley, Wrangel was somewhat thickly settled, but now it consists merely of a few straggling houses, and its white population is exceedingly scanty.

The Alaska Indians are somewhat after the Mongolian type, reminding the traveler of the Chinese, rather than of the Indians of the United States and Canada. Among the customs peculiar to them is that by which every family is distinguished by a badge, known as a *totem*, which is used much in the same way as is the crest or coat-of-arms among the old families of Europe, being marked on the houses, household utensils, ornaments and even clothing of the people.

In front of many of their leading houses and at their burial places are immense timbers covered with these devices. They vary from two to five feet in diameter, and are often sixty feet or more in height, costing from $1,000 to $2,000. The people have, to a great extent, adopted the American style of dress. Their food consists largely of berries and fish, large quantities of salmon being smoked and put away for future use.

After a brief stay we weigh anchor, and are soon winding through Wrangel Straits, a narrow passage which saves us a long stretch of open sea. Just after we leave the straits the Great Glacier, as it is called, comes in view, and a little farther on a second. The evenings have all the while been getting perceptibly longer; and, although we are still considerably below the latitude at which, at the summer solstice, the sun never sinks below the horizon, night is but as a long twilight, and we may walk the deck till the sun recommences his daily round, and hardly miss the rest we have lost.

The distance from Fort Wrangel to Sitka is only 162 miles. In less, therefore, than twenty-four hours, we are sailing up the island-studded Sitka Bay, said to rival in picturesqueness the far-famed Bay of Naples. Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano, discovered by Bodega, in 1775, guards the entrance to the bay, while the sharp, snowy summit of Vostovia, surrounded by a group of peaks and glaciers, stands guard in the rear.

The bay was first visited by Baranoff, in 1799, who built a fort which he called Fort Archangel Gabriel, and took possession of the country for Russia. Three years later the Indians rose, captured the fort, and murdered all the officers and thirty men. In 1804 Baranoff returned and recaptured the town, rebuilt the fort, and named the settlement New Archangel. From 1809 ship-building became one of the active industries of the place. The following year the settlement was visited by the Enterprise, one of the ships of John Jacob Astor's fur company, and a Greek priest arrived in a sloop-of-war to minister to the colonists in spiritual things.

The growth and importance of the place were finally assured in 1832, when Baron Wrangel transferred the capital of Russian America from St. Paul to Sitka. In 1834 it was made the seat of a bishopric, Veniaminoff, an eminent

prelate, afterward head of the Greek Church, being elevated to the episcopal throne. About 1837 a school was established for the children of the employés of the Russian Fur Company. In 1841 an ecclesiastical school of the Greek Church was established, and four years later it was raised to the rank of a seminary, a school for the natives being opened about the same time.

With the American occupation, in 1867, these schools were discontinued, but their places were afterward taken by voluntary schools, established first by the Presbyterians, and subsequently by other Christian churches.

When, in October, 1867, Brig. Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau took possession of Sitka in the name of the United States Government, the place consisted of little more than an aggregation of rude log huts, with a Greek church and governor's residence. But a change rapidly came over it; and it is now a well-built town, thoroughly Americanized, except in its ecclesiastical architecture and the religious rites of that section of the community which still adheres to the Greek Church.

The church is the most conspicuous object in the town. It is built in the form of a Greek cross; has an emerald-green dome over the centre, and a bell tower surmounted by a cupola. One wing is used as a chapel, and contains, besides a curious font, an exquisite painting of the Virgin and Child, copied from the celebrated picture at Moscow. All the drapery is of silver, and the halo of gold; so of the painting itself nothing is seen but the faces and background. The chancel, which is raised above the body of the church, is approached by three broad steps, leading to four doors, two of which are handsomely carved and richly gilded, and contain four oval and two square *bas reliefs*. Above is a large picture of the Last Supper, covered like that of the Madonna, with silver, as are two others, one on each side of the altar. Across the threshold of these doors no woman may set her foot. The doors, however, usually stand open, and the priest in residence is exceedingly courteous to visitors, showing them the costly and magnificent vestments and the Bishop's crown, almost covered with pearls and amethysts. The ornaments and the candelabra are all of silver, the walls are hung with portraits of princes and prelates, and the general effect is rich in the extreme.

Next to the church in interest—with some visitors probably ranking before it—is the old castle on the hill. Here, in days gone by, the stern Romanoff ruled with iron hand. After being twice destroyed, first by fire and then by an earthquake, the castle was rebuilt so strongly that it will probably stand for ages much as it is to-day. It is now used as a United States signal office, and it has a ball-room and theatre with the same old brass chandeliers that adorned it in its glory. The whole building has a melancholy and desolate appearance; but it is of exceeding interest, speaking to us as it does of the despotism that formerly ruled in its halls and courts. There is a tradition, that, when Baron Romanoff was governor, he had living with him an orphan niece and ward who was very beautiful. But when the baron commanded her to marry a powerful prince, who was a guest at the castle, she refused, having given her heart to

AN ALASKA HOUSE WITH TOTEM POLES. *See page* 58.

a handsome young lieutenant of the household. The old baron, who, like the rest of his race, was an accomplished diplomat, feigning an interest in the young lieutenant which he did not feel, sent him away on a short expedition, and in the meantime hurried on the preparations for the marriage of the unhappy girl to the prince. Deprived of the support of her lover's counsels and presence, she yielded to the threats of her uncle, and the ceremony was solemnized. Half an hour after the marriage, while the rejoicing and the gayety were at their height, the young lieutenant strode into the ball room, his travel-stained dress and haggard appearance contrasting strangely with the glittering costumes and gay faces of the revelers; and during the silence which followed his ominous appearance, he stepped up to the hapless girl and took her hand. After gazing for a few moments on the ring the prince had placed there, he, without a word, and before any one could interfere, drew a dagger from his belt and stabbed her to the heart. In the wild confusion that followed he escaped from the castle; and, overcome with grief, unable to live without the one he so fondly loved yet ruthlessly murdered, he threw himself into the sea. And now her spirit is seen on the anniversary of her wedding night, her slender form robed in heavy silk brocade, pressing her hands on the wound in her heart, the tears streaming from her eyes. Sometimes, before a severe storm, she makes her appearance in the little tower at the top of the building once used as a lighthouse. There she burns a light until dawn for the spirit of her lover at sea.

The whole of the Sitkan district is mountainous in the extreme, and the larger portion covered with dense forests. Craters of extinct volcanoes are numerous, among the most notable being that of Mount Edgecumbe, which is 2,000 feet across and about 400 feet deep. This mountain is to the Indians a veritable Olympus. On the Naass river is a remarkable lava overflow from a volcano in the neighborhood. This, too, is the great glacier region. On Lynn Channel is a glacier computed to be 1,200 feet thick at its lower projection. In one of the gulches of Mount Fairweather is a glacier that extends fifty miles to the sea, where it ends abruptly in a perpendicular ice-wall 300 feet high and eight miles broad. On the Stickeen river, between two mountains 3,000 feet high, is another, forty miles long, and four to five miles across at its base, with a depth variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000 feet. There is a magnificent glacier near Cape Fanshaw, of which the following admirable description is given by Professor John Muir, State Geologist of California:

"The whole front and brow of this majestic glacier is dashed and sculptured into a maze of yawning chasms and crevices and a bewildering variety of strange architectural forms, appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond measure; clusters of glittering lance-tipped spires, gables and obelisks, bold outstanding bastions and plain mural cliffs, adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlement, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow was filled with light, shimmering and pulsing in pale blue tones of ineffable tenderness and loveliness. On the broad, waving bosom of the glacier water streams are outspread in a complicated network, each in its own friction-

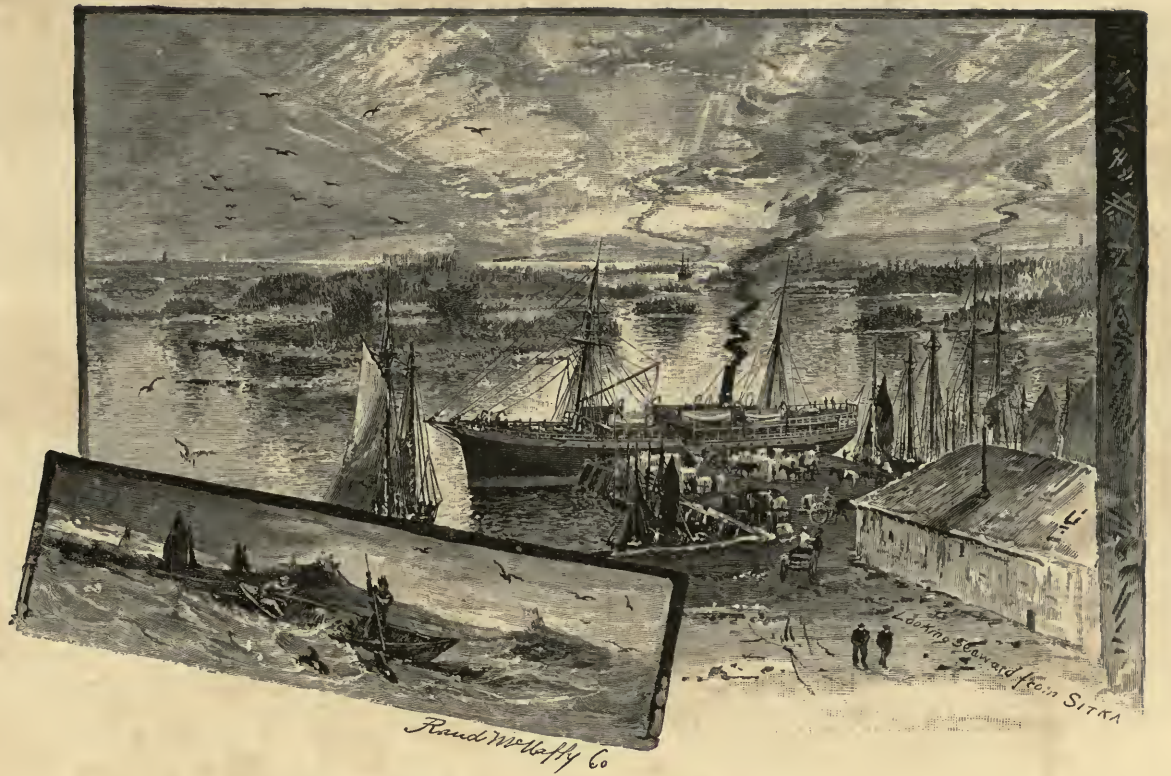
less channel cut down through the porous, decaying ice of the surface into the quick and living blue, and flowing with a grace of motion and a ring and gurgle and flashing of light to be found only on the crystal hills and dales of a glacier. Along the sides we can see the mighty flood grinding against the granite with tremendous pressure, rounding the outswelling bosses, deepening and smoothing the retreating hollows, and shaping every portion of the mountain walls into the forms they were meant to have. Two or three miles from the front the current is now probably about 1,200 feet deep ; but the grooved and rounded features of the walls, so surely glacial, show that in the earlier days of the ice-age they were all overswept, this glacier having flowed at a height of from three to four thousand feet above its present level."

The country abounds in hot mineral springs, several large ones being situated south of Sitka. On Unimak Island is a lake of sulphur. Near the Volcano Pogrumnoi are hot marshes. In the crater of Goreloi is a vast boiling, steaming mineral spring eighteen miles in circumference ! A lake strongly impregnated with nitre is found on Beaver Island, while the thermal springs on the island of Unalashka hold sulphur in solution. These are but a few of the natural phenomena of Alaska. It is, indeed, a land of manifold wonders, and a fit climax to our tour through the Wonderland of the World.

With regard to the climate, it would be a great mistake to suppose that it is tolerable only in summer. The greatest cold recorded at Sitka during a period of forty-five years was –4°, while on the other hand the temperature never exceeded 87°. During only four of those forty-five years did the thermometer register a temperature below zero, and during only seven did it rise above 80°. During the winter of 1877–8 the coldest night at Sitka only formed ice the thickness of a knife-blade on a barrel of rain-water under the eaves of a house. This mild climate is due to the Japan Gulf Stream, which first strikes the North American continent at the Queen Charlotte Islands, in latitude 50° north. Here the stream divides, one portion going northward and westward along the coast of Alaska, and the other southward along the coast of British Columbia, Washington Territory, Oregon, and California, giving them their mild winter climate. The former stream, flowing northward, has been named the Alaska Current, and gives the great southern coast of Alaska a winter climate as mild as that of one-third of the United States. Part of it continues up through Behring's Straits, and that is the reason why ice never drifts through those straits into the Pacific Ocean.

The mineral wealth of the country is not of particular interest to us as tourists. The quartz mining carried on at the Haley & Miletich mine, near Sitka, is, however, worth seeing. We reach the mine by crossing to the head of Silver Bay, ten miles distant, over a beautiful sheet of water in which vessels of any tonnage can ride at anchor within twenty-five feet of the shore. A walk of less than a mile will bring us to the shaft.

The Governor of the Territory, in a report dated October 1, 1884, states that the mining industry of the country bids fair to become of great importance ; and



ALASKA'S THOUSAND ISLANDS, AS SEEN FROM SITKA.

he adds that, where it has languished in the past, it has been because the only recognized title to the property of the miner was that of force.

"The good old rule,
The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,"

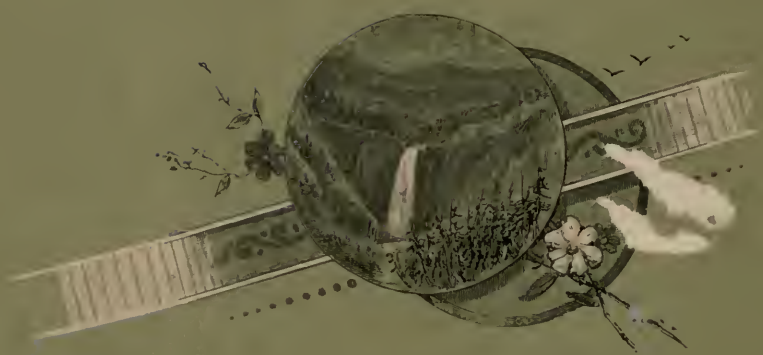
has, however, passed away with the introduction of civil law, and henceforward a stable and equal government will see that every legitimate encouragement is given to the development of the mineral resources of the country.

Whatever measure of success may, however, attend the endeavors put forth from time to time to this end, the purchase of Alaska by the United States Government has been abundantly justified by the value of its fisheries. Its waters are so richly stocked with herring, cod and salmon that it is not unlikely that the Territory will become the great supply ground of the world. The Northwest Trading Company, consisting chiefly of Portland capitalists, has established stations at all the more important points along the coast, and has erected machinery, at a cost of no less than $18,000, for extracting from the fish the valuable oil they contain.

Alaska possesses, furthermore, the most valuable fur-seal fisheries in existence, and it is something to know that under a system of protection, of the wisdom of which there can not be two opinions, fur-seals, diminishing in number in every other part of the world, are here increasing so rapidly that the number annually slaughtered might be doubled without even the remotest danger of exhausting the supply.

Home Again.

A pleasant sail to Portland, a rapid run over mountain and prairie, and our Wonderland becomes a thing of the past. It remains, however, to the end of our lives a bright chapter in our experience, to the glowing pictures of which we shall constantly recur with ever-increasing delight. And when the Chicagos of the coming time line the Northern Pacific Railroad, and the valleys of the great Northwest teem with a happy and prosperous people, we shall have a peculiar satisfaction in remembering that we traveled through that great country before commerce and manufactures had robbed it of any of its original beauty, or the development of its vast resources wrought that entire change in its character which is now only a question of time.

We do not want to see the Falls of the Yellowstone driving the looms of a cotton factory, or the great geysers boiling pork for some gigantic packing-house, but in all the native majesty and grandeur in which they appear to-day, without, as yet, a single trace of that adornment which is desecration, that improvement which is equivalent to ruin, or that utilization which means utter destruction.

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